

# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 7.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## WESTPORT.

Miss Bannin Describes With Her Usual Ability the Charming City of Mayo and its Surroundings.

The Conchman Delivers a Lecture to Travelers on the Devil and His Mother-in-Law.

### QUEEN NAMES.

An intervening height shut out Clew Bay from sight, and we were once more in view of the mountains behind, where the distant top of the "Devil's Mother" was wreathed in soft white clouds, as if she had just got on her night cap—and a very becoming one too.

"Do you know," remarked one of the travelers, "that since I came to this country I cannot help wondering how it happens that so many beautiful spots in Ireland are named after such a very unpleasant personage. You have, in Wicklow, 'The Devil's Glen'; then there is 'The Devil's Punch Bowl,' and many other such names; and here now you have his mother. What is the meaning of it?" "Well, sir," said Martin, looking quite solemn, "I'll tell you how that is. You see, long ago every one of them places went by a real blessed name in our own Irish tongue, but, begor, about 700 years ago, or thereabouts, the devil (avin' your presence) heard for the first time of the beautiful country we had over here, with in such a small distance—a stone's throw, you may say. Well, over he comes, and, to be sure, he was enchanted with all he seen; and he goes here, and he goes there—and, 'I must have this,' he says, and I must have that; and I'll give this to my son," he says, "and that'll be for my daughter," and so on. Well, on he goes, diverting himself finally over the land, bringing desolation and dismay wherever he set foot, and finding so much to his liking that his family made up their minds he was going to stop altogether, and they'd better come after him. And so they did, faith, mother-in-law and all; and she sent to him to know what he was going to do for her. By this time he was in Connacht.

ON THE TOP OF A FINE MOUNTAIN, where he could see what all the country round was like, "I'll give this to my mother-in-law," says he; and there it is, to this day, the Devil's Mother. But not one of them names is Irish, you'll observe," continued Martin. "What one of them, for the devil's word of the Irish he could ever get his tongue round; for it's a blessed tongue, the same St. Patrick and all the saints spoke, and a holy and blessed island this was till the same villain and his breed come into it. And now I'll tell you one thing, sir; if you and the young gentlemen will only learn to bless yourselves in Irish before you leave us, the sorra was of the devil (saking your pardon for mentioning him so often) can ever come next or nigh you when you go to—foreign parts," said Martin, with delicacy. "Well, will you teach us?" asked the tourist, good-humoredly. "Of course, I would, with pleasure; only there's a far greater virtue in it, if—"

At that moment two of us simultaneously pointed to the "first signs of civilization"—a heap of broken bottles by the roadside; rather uncomplimentarily, we agreed, to civilization, but, unfortunately, a sign of it in every country. I was glad to remember that I had not seen one peasant—man or woman—under the influence of drink since I started for Conemaugh, and I returned home again without meeting any of the "drunken Irish," even in the many towns and villages I visited before my journey was ended.

From the Conemaugh side the approach to Westport is exceedingly pretty. We suddenly see the little town far below in a valley; a precipitous road leads right down into its streets, and is apparently made to land horses, car, and passengers right on the plank of a tall column standing in a market place. The hill by which we approach is so nearly perpendicular that we are above the top of the monument; it is a suburb of the town, crowded with houses of the poorest of the inhabitants, and forms a telescope, as it were, through which to get a charming view of the wooded valley below, where the houses seem to nestle in among trees.

### THE DESCENT.

Is a journey not even to be looked at if there are any nerves among those on the car behind the horses, for the lives of all appear to depend on two loose collars which seem as if by a miracle to keep horses, car, and all from rolling headlong down the terrible hill. I never before saw such a descent, and never will again; but the care and patience of both coachman and horses were perfect, and we landed safe and sound on the quay of Westport, along which we dashed gallantly past the Catholic church, round the bridge a few yards above the church, and where wide gates lead from the Mall into Lord Sligo's beautiful demesne, on to the door of the Railway Hotel. And we were right glad to arrive there. Now that the day's journey was at an end, and our eyes off the fascination of the scenery that all day long had kept us spellbound, we at last realized that we were tired, and very glad of a resting place for a few days. And we also became conscious, almost for the first time, of all the dust we had been absorbing during the day. Never did I behold such a study in greys as I

saw on looking in the glass. Grey cap, hair powdered almost white, face, eyebrows, eyelashes, pearls grey; grey suit from head to foot—there was no relief of any kind whatever; it was quite a study for a grey evening. But all that was easily dusted off, and what a cosy place the ladies' drawing-room looked in the autumn evening, with a blazing fire and plenty of arm chairs. It often comforts me for the loss of the Garden of Eden to reflect that there were no cosy evenings, blazing fires, or arm chairs there.

This hotel—a most comfortable one—was originally built and furnished by the proprietor of Westport, the Marquis of Sligo, and by him given rent free to the then owner of the hotel. It is a long, old-fashioned house, situated on the Mall, the principal street of the town, or rather the pretty avenue through whose centre the Carronbeg—a mountain stream—flows on, through the neighboring demesne, and away out by Westport Harbor into Clew Bay. All night long, whenever I awoke, I could hear the soft murmur of the water under my window, and it sounded like a pleasant, friendly voice. The stream is bordered on each side by two rows of trees, which, with the flowing water between them, give the streets a very uncommon and pretty aspect.

THE CHURCH BELL AWOKE ME early in the morning, and one look out at the sunny Mall reminded me that it was Sunday. From every side came streams of country people—easily known by their dress—who gathered in groups outside the church doors or stood in knots of two or three on the bridge and under the elms; crowds coming early, evidently to have the customary chat with neighbors and acquaintances before mass. It was pleasant to me to watch them; the comfortable, homely dress of the women—the white cap, with its well-kept borders, or perhaps a straw bonnet, deep and close, and trimmed with the old-fashioned crossing, curls, and strings of ribbon; the good, substantial shawl or cloak; the plain woolen dress, the prayer book, round which was folded a clean pocket handkerchief; the men in their decent Sunday suit. All the cordial greetings, hearty and warm, but tinged with a something of solemnity inspired by the neighborhood of the house of God—all brought back the sunny mornings of long ago, when I seemed scarcely to notice such groupings, yet must have noted them well, so vividly did they now occur to my mind, and so familiar did every one of the groups appear to me. I determined that I, too, would go across to the church and among the people whose faces and forms looked so like those of old friends.

Over the entrance to the church are the words: "This is a awful place, the House of God."

A reminder which, I think, most of those entering felt and carried with them is their quietly solemn demeanor.

On three sides of the large and well-ordered church is a double tier of galleries supported by pillars, the building being thus capable of holding a very large congregation, who before long filled every corner of the sacred edifice. From the gallery in which I sat I could see the people below in what is familiarly called "the body of the church," where nearly all mass or sung services are held, the reading of the Gospels, the singing of the Mass, the sermon which followed, when the people moved up as close as possible to the altar rail, in order not to lose a word of the sermon.—*Mary Bannin in Dublin Freeman.*

### DEFENDING THE PURITAN.

[To the Editor.]

I was surprised and pained to read your synopsis of Judge Moran's lecture on the Puritans. How can an intelligent, unprejudiced man say "for no idea cherished by the American people to day as essential to the maintenance of a Republican form of government are we indebted to the Puritans." Let Judge Moran walk up the stone steps to where those granite tablets mark the redoubts on old Puritan Bunker Hill, and look upon the spot where the Republic had its glorious birth and bloody baptism, and he will get an idea, and a very high one, of what the Puritans did for the establishment of human liberty on this continent. Had the Judge's ancestors made as determined and manly a stand in 1843 the famine mounds might not be the horrible monuments of that exacting hour in Ireland's history.

With what grace does it come from an Irishman, or an Irishman's son, to slur the children of the Puritans for keeping their forefathers' day? Having lived among the descendants of these Puritans I may be allowed at least to bear testimony to their stern democracy, which brooked neither class nor grade. The workingman was the front, center and end of the social current; the farm laborer and the house maid were always help, never servants, and sat at the family table. The Puritan was candid, self-reliant, just and uncompromising, having some faults and possessing many virtues.

With all Catholics I feel a pride in the testimony given by Bancroft to the early Catholics of Maryland, but even a good thing may be carried too far. If I remember correctly, and I am writing from memory, the Maryland act of 1649 prescribed the death punishment for any person who denied the Trinity, but my object is not to discuss the Maryland laws, which indeed seem greatly mixed up with the articles of the original charter of "all privileges, franchises and liberties of this our Kingdom of England," but to protest against robbing the sturdy old Puritan of his character.

Don't try it Judge. Maryland's settlement is a spot in our history to cherish and be proud of, but there are in America only one Lexington, one Concord, and one Bunker Hill, and they are in the home of the Puritan, and there they will stand for ever.—*JEREMIAH QUINN.*  
Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 11.

T. Shaw, Merchant Tailor

## GLADSTONE AT CHESTER.

The Old Man Makes one of His Characteristic Speeches and is Loudly Cheered.

He Says that Irish Home Rule is the Premier Issue and Must be Met.

[United Ireland.]

CHESTER, Jan. 22.—Mr. Gladstone this evening addressed a meeting of Liberals which was held in the Music Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. From the walls and on the fronts of the galleries were suspended the names of the Liberal leaders, while facing the platform cards were prominently displayed with the names, "Parnell," "Sullivan," and "O'Brien."

Upon appearing on the platform, Mr. Gladstone, who was accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone and the Rev. Mr. Stephen Gladstone, was received with loud and long-continued cheering. The chair was taken by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M. P., President of the Chester Liberal Association.

The chairman, in opening the proceedings, said that if it were true that the Liberal leaders had shied home rule, and that the country was sick of it, how was it that their opponents could find nothing else to talk about? (Cheers.)

Mr. Dealey then moved "That this meeting of Chester Liberals rejoice to welcome the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P., the leader of the Liberal party, to the city of Chester: thanks him for his splendid services to Liberalism during a political career unequalled in length and usefulness, and especially for his heroic efforts during the past three years to advance the cause of the better government of Ireland, and to promote proposals for the benefit of the working classes in town and country, and congratulates him on the steady growth of opinion in the constituencies in opposition to the harsh and coercive legislation of the present government, and in favor of justice and conciliation in Ireland as the surest means of strengthening the union between the British and Irish peoples."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Hulse, and enthusiastically adopted.

Mr. Gladstone, on rising to reply, was again received with cheers. He said: "It was felt that the work of benevolent legislation was an arduous work, and that the wants of the people grew with the advances of civilization (cheers). They must have noticed with great regret the difficulties which had arisen between this country and Portugal. He was not going to question or condemn the proceedings of Lord Salisbury until he had had the opportunity of considering them fully and dispassionately. It was their duty to avoid cavilling in questions of foreign policy, but at the same time it must be matter of regret if occasion had arisen—however pressing and urgent the occasion—which placed us for the time in political collision or controversy with one of these smaller States which it was the special function of England to protect, and especially with Portugal, which had for so long a time stood in closest alliance with ourselves, and had often derived powerful assistance from the powerful arm of this country raised in his favor (cheers). He was afraid to say that the state of the Turkish Empire was again likely to call upon the people of this country for the protection of suffering populations both in Crete and Armenia. A state of disturbance continued to exist there. There seemed to be a disposition on the part of the Sultan rather to withdraw popular privilege than to enlarge it, and that in Constantinople itself the forms of justice appear to have been converted into something like a mockery in the trial of a man guilty of gross crime, but whom there seemed from the first a determination on the part of the authorities to acquit. Let the Sultan understand this, that whatever might be the position of this country, at least he might be sure of this, that British sympathy never would be roused or deflected by him in any circumstances of difficulty in which he might be placed unless the people of this country were convinced that it was his desire to govern in behalf of the people whom he ruled with humanity and justice (cheers). After referring to foreign troubles, Mr. Gladstone said there was another question about which they would, no doubt, hear much before many weeks were over—viz:

### THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

He did not intend to anticipate what ever judgment that those learned persons appointed to conduct the inquiry might pronounce, nor to breathe the word of suspicion or misgiving concerning them, but the whole of that subject would have to be prosecuted with the deepest attention and anxiety by the whole of the people of this country, and by the parliament of this country. It was his opinion that the proceedings taken as a whole towards Mr. Parnell constituted a case of opposition practiced upon an individual by the legislative chamber of this country and by the executive government which had no parallel in the conduct and proceedings of parliament since the evil reign of Charles II. Now, he was going to ask them to take a leap with him across the northern border. Those who denied that the Irish question was the question of the present hour ought to account for the remarkable circumstance that ever since the Irish question came to the front every election in every part of the country had

become the subject of absorbing interest and attention to such a degree that it was watched and followed, and scanned and criticized as if the whole issue depended on that election. Well, the Liberals had scanned and watched and criticized these elections with tolerable satisfaction, and now they had got another coming on in Scotland. He might say for himself that by extraction he was a Scotchman from the crown of his head to the tip of his finger, and he noticed with satisfaction that Scotland had oftentimes led this country in the path of progress. Well, an election was coming on at Patrick, and no doubt

THE QUESTION OF HOME RULE WOULD BE DISCUSSED

There was in Scotland a growing movement in favor of home rule, and he had no doubt that if Scotland made a demand for it neither Tories nor Dissenters would blow the war trumpet to rally the people against it in the name either of the Union or the integrity of the Empire (cheers). The main question now before the country was the Irish question, and if he might coin a word, he would say it was their duty to state the issue, which was, "Will you have home rule on the one side, or will you have perpetual oppression on the other?" (Cries of "Home Rule.") He contended that the Crimes Act in Ireland was not directed against crime, but was simply used for putting down legal conviction; and he instanced the case of the man Edwards, who, he said, was charged with boycotting a pig, although the man who owned the pig denied that Edwards had used the language imputed to him. A respectable magistrate had called upon him (Edwards) to find bail for twelve months, and sentenced him to two months' imprisonment. That was the way in which Ireland was governed by a Tory government, kept in office by votes of men who called themselves Liberals. There was another case where a man and his wife had been sinning a bailed in the streets, the refrain of the bailed was—"We'll have good times in Ireland when the landlords go" (laughter). There was something comical in the gross, oppressive and unchristian character of this case. Who was it that wanted the landlords to go? He did not; he wanted them to stay and do their duty (cheers), and if they did that they would become, in the course of time, the formidable rivals of Mr. Parnell and his friends. But who were the people who said the landlords ought to go? Why Tories. The sentiment which had been at the bottom of all Lord Salisbury's speeches on the land question for the past years was the sentiment for which this poor man and his wife were required to give bail, and sent to prison for three months. Would Ireland continue to bear these things? (Cries of "No.") It was uttered as a reproach against the Liberals that they wished to make the Act of Union fail. All history, he argued, was opposed to that statement (cheers). The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks.

### FROM NEW YORK.

A Great Celebration—Bridges Without Water—A New Public Building.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3, 1890.—The celebration of the centennial of the United States Supreme Court, which will take place in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday of the present week, promises to be a big event, especially for the legal fraternity of the country. The guests who will be present include President Harrison, Vice President Morton, and members of the Cabinet, Chief Justice Fuller, and all of the Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court, Gov. Hill, and a long list of the most distinguished justices and lawyers in the country. The morning exercises, which will be held at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday, will be presided over by ex-President Cleveland. Addresses will be delivered by Judge Arno, of this city, Chief Justice Fuller and President Harrison. In the evening there will be a magnificent banquet at the Lenox Lyceum, at which covers will be laid for 800 people. The toasts will be responded to by an imposing array of distinguished and able men, beginning with President Harrison, and winding up with Chauncey Depew. In all probability this will be the most brilliant gathering of legal lights the country has ever witnessed.

### BRIDGES FOR STREET CROSSINGS.

The great inconvenience to people who wish to reach the Jersey City ferries, which is caused by the crowds of vehicles on West street, is soon to be remedied in part by the building of two bridges across the street. One is to be built at Cortlandt street for the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry, and the other at Liberty street for the Jersey Central ferry. The present methods of crossing at these points are extremely dangerous, besides being very inconvenient. A policeman is always stationed at each of these places whose duty it is to guide people safely across. Were it not for this the long processions of trucks would often keep pedestrians waiting for hours at a time. The two bridges, which have been authorized by the board of street openings, are to be of iron, sixteen feet above the street, and to be used exclusively for foot passengers. If these are successful, we may perhaps see something similar on Broadway.

### NO MORE BLACK MARIAS.

NEW YORK is to have another magnificent public building which will be mainly for the accommodation of the criminal courts. It will occupy the ground just north of where the Tombs now is, and will cover a whole block. It will be built entirely of brick, granite and iron, six stories high, and be as near fire proof as possible. A bridge will connect it with the Tombs, so that prisoners may be taken back and forth without the use of the Black Maria, which, by the way, is not black at all, but white. Besides being used for the criminal courts, the new building will contain the offices of District Attorney, the Board of Health and Street Cleaning Department. These are now scattered in various parts of the city, and it will simplify business very much to have them all together in a central location. The building will cost \$1,400,000 and be ready in about two years. EDWARD ANGLISTON.

## WEE-WORN WOMEN.

Eleanor Kirk Discourses on the Cause of a Recent Ghastly Suicide in Gotham.

"Pope Bob" Ingersoll's Love for His Fellowmen—Chocolate-Mentier.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 10.—A woman jumps from a roof after ineffectually cutting her throat;—Cause, inability to find honest work. There was plenty of dishonest employment at hand, but she preferred death to disgrace. What are our rich women doing, I should like to know? How can such awful tragedies occur in a community where Women's Aid Societies, Women's Employment Societies, and Protective Unions are to be seen on every other street? This woman had no reference, but she was honest, well educated and talented. At the very time that Ward McAllister was leading "the four hundred" to fresh social glories, this woman and many another like her was starving. I was wondering as I read this poor creature's heroic efforts to secure work, why she had not sought the office of the New York World, forgetting that such as she are shut out from the daily paper as well as from everything else worth living for. But I was pleased when I had finished reading the account of this tragedy to find the following: "The World exists to render public service. It stands ready to aid worthy women, such as this poor woman was, to find honest employment."

I hope the good word will be passed round, and that my hungry and forlorn sisters, will, when everything else fails, make their condition known to this office, from which source many lives are daily saved not only from death but from temptation and disgrace.

To those of my friends who are at all in doubt as to the proper way of treating our sinners, I would recommend Col. Ingersoll's late lecture called "Crimes against Criminals." Its tone is Christlike, its arguments logical and masterly. It also supplements in a most wonderful manner some of the most sensible ideas of Mr. Edward Bellamy, in his remarkable book "Looking Backward." As a humanitarian, Col. Ingersoll has no peer, and the very God whom he denies must love him as a dear disciple because, like Abou Ben Adam, he loves his fellowmen.

As I finished the last paragraph and was about to answer some of the questions lately asked about tea gowns, I could not help smiling at the quick descent from philosophy to fashion. But are we not taking these steps every hour of every day we live, at least those of us whose thoughts and desires rise above the level of our physical needs? And who, I ask, can aspire to higher things in any very marked manner who is not well fed and well dressed? "If the body is covered with rags, the soul is generally in the same condition," says our outspoken, unafraid, royal "Bob." And this is true. So, when I am counselling my sisters to cleanliness and good taste and pretty dresses, telling them what to buy and how to make it, I am perhaps doing quite as well by them as if I quoted scripture. It seems so to me, and I imagine that Col. Ingersoll would agree with me. And through this little detour we come at last to tea gowns. The very latest and loveliest goods for such purposes are the new India silks. They are made in this country and so beautifully manufactured that they will deceive the very elect, and are sold at less than calico prices. I am what may be called a practical shopper, and when I saw these goods I believed them to be the genuine India. They are even prettier in design than the silks, and they do make the loveliest tea gowns possible to conceive of. A pretty cord and tassels for the waist, and a rolling collar of silk with cuffs to match, are all the trimmings required. One filed of mine has three of these dresses made up in different styles, and as she made them herself the three did not cost her \$10.

In answer to the queries about the fashion and unfashion of home made edgings, I would say that they were never more used than at the present time, and there were certainly never so many lovely patterns as now. Mrs. P.—complains that her knitted and crocheted trimmings do not last as long as those she buys, and wishes to know how to trim a Shaker flannel petticoat prettily and economically. Let her get Irish flax thread and crochet an edge a couple of inches wide. There is a gloss and silkiness to this material which no amount of laundering destroys. It is folly to use thread that is not strong for such purposes, as the first hard rub is sure to rend these trimmings, and then they are always limp looking. I have seen trimming made from Barbour's Flax Thread that would be told from the finest imported lace edging. This thread is not only strong as steel thread, but it is smooth and even, a most desirable thing in knitting or crocheting. It is also the best for sewing machine uses, and is in best demand by harness makers, book binders and indeed everybody else who wants their stitching to stay put.

The duties which the Messrs. Mentier, of Chocolate-Mentier fame pay to France amount to \$2,000,000 per year. This seems almost an incredible story, but we know that the figures are correct. The block of Chocolate-Mentier representing the production of a single day, on

exhibition in the hall of the Quai d'Orsay at the last Paris exposition, weighed 55 tons and represented one day's work at the famous Moisel Factory. The delicacy, luxury, necessity, or whatever we may call it, is put up in half and quarter pound packages. In a year of three hundred working days the production amounts to a total of 75,000,000 tablets. Each tablet contains six sticks, one of which is sufficient for breakfast, and at this rate it is estimated that the famous works of Foisil furnish 555,000,000 breakfasts for the French people, and tremendous numbers as these figures are, they only furnish a third of the chocolate per head yearly for the French population. One more item:

The weight of Chocolate-Mentier manufactured in six months is equal to the weight of the Eiffel Tower.

ELEANOR KIRK.

### ROMAN ECHOES.

[Dublin Nation.]

THE POPE IN 1889

ROME, Jan. 11.—The two most salient and important features in the Pope's relations with the outer world in the past year were the establishment of official connections with the courts of St. James and St. Petersburg. These two significantly meaning and unexpected events would be sufficient to make any single year of the papacy remarkable. They undoubtedly are as strong a testimony to the moral efficacy of the Pope's moral sovereignty over the Christian world as ever was given in the ages of the greatest faith, and except their object be completely frustrated they will be sure to produce results as beneficial to the country as honorable to the papacy. Looking at the broad principle which they imply, the acknowledgment of the Pope's authority, there is no Catholic who will not rejoice at their existence. It is a worthy subject of jubilation for the faithful to see the Holy Father honored and revered by foreign Protestant powers as we are drawing to the close of a century which is supposed by the doctrinaires of the world to be most opposed to the esoteric and exoteric life of the church. I certainly felt proud when I saw the representative of the queen of England passing along the streets of Rome in gorgeous array on his way to the Vatican to pay his devotions to the Pope, [Oh!] and attracting the gaze of all the Italians, ever ready to look at anything showy, and animatingly discuss the meaning of it all. I never thought I would live to see the day when such a moment could happen. And it is equally momentous in its significance to have the head of the Greek church brought into immediate contact with the Vatican. No doubt these powers, as well as Germany, wish to recognize the benign influence and the necessary antidote against social disorder that flows from the powerful pontificals.

Issued by the present Pope on "The Christian Constitution of States" and on "Liberty," which are sufficient to render immortal the name of Leo XIII. But if the foreign powers of Europe vie with each other in honoring the papacy, there is one that in the past year has done everything it could to thwart and obstruct the power of the Pope, to hurt his feelings, directly or indirectly, and to make his residence in Rome intolerable, if not impossible, and that is Italy, his own beloved Italy. Perhaps I should not use the general term Italy, but rather the present Italian administration—the creatures of revolution and the hybrid descended from every species of injustice and usurpation. The passing of the penal code and of the law on the "Opere Pie" is a fair indication of the persecuting spirit of the government, or rather of Crispi, because he is everything—king, parliament, executive, and all.

### BEATIFICATION.

On Sunday, the 12th inst., the promulgation of the decrees of beatification of the Venerable Anclia, bishop of Saluzza, of the Congregation of St. Philip Neri, and of the Venerable Pirotti, of the "Pious Schools," will take place in the Vatican in the presence of the Holy Father, and the solemn ceremony of beatification of the Venerable Pirotti will be held on the 26th of January, and that of the Venerable Anclia on the 9th of February, in the hall of the Loggia above the portico of St. Peter's, to which the public will be admitted by ticket.

### ANNIVERSARY OF VICTOR EMMANUEL'S DEATH.

On Jan. 9, the anniversary of the death of the "Re Galantuono," a religious celebration was held in the Pantheon, where the body of the king lies. As early as 8 o'clock in the morning the king, queen, and the Prince of Naples left the Quirinal to assist at a low mass, which was celebrated by one of the canons of the church at one of the side altars of the Pantheon. It was remarked by those present how frequently the royal personages assist at the divine sacrifices.

### The Chicago Hotel.

No. 156 South Clark street, near Madison, is centrally located, perfectly clean, and strictly respectable, situated over Broadway & McKee's celebrated restaurant, and yet you can get a room to yourself on the first floor for only 50 cents, baths free. Try it. P. S. CONDON, Manager.

### Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Bileousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren st., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Fluoroplex*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

**"CONVICT NO. 25"**

-OR-

**The Clearances**

-OF-

**WESTMEATH.**

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Reach, the Ribbonman," "Uile Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clonogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

## CHAPTER X—(Continued)

## THE LEAGUE OF THE WHITEFEET.

Buttoning his open shirt at his neck and over his white muscular breast, and on his wrist, to give the least possible chance of friction to the air, and tightening his belt around him, he stepped down to the side of the turf bank, noted out the place for his feet to stand on to jump from, and the apparent distance across, and then slowly walked back; whilst a running commentary from the older hands applauded the look of resolution and victory that was in his eye and erect head.

"More power to you, Phil! There never was a Maughan yet that hadn't the courage in him!"

"Ah! but isn't he the fine straight young fellow?"

"You may say that. Straight as the ramrod of a Shillmiller's gun!"

"And he no more than 18 years of age. Look at his shoulders!"

"Aye, and the narrowness of his waist, and the breadth of his hips. He'll do it, I tell you."

"Sorra ever he'll do it. There's not a man in Ireland 'll do it."

"See if he don't. I tell you he will. Here he goes. Stand back, boys! Stand back! Give him a free run!"

The runner had started; slowly at first, but rapidly hastening his pace, he passed with the speed of a flying arrow down the ranks to the mark on the turf bank, and, whilst a buzz of breathless expectancy rose through the two long lines of watchers, he lifted himself into the air.

During the second or two that elapsed before he reached the other side, not a whisper louder than this buzz arose. The leap, as we have said, was a tremendous one; and as the strength and suppleness with which he projected himself faded—as the "storage of force," as latter-day philosophers phrase it, weren't out—he swung partially round with his side to the bank.

His feet touched it, merely the rim, however—the sharp edge—which crumpled instantaneously under his feet, and precipitated him, like a falling rocket, into the water beneath.

A roar of applause burst forth from the people assembled as they saw him gain the other side, which had scarcely died out, as they saw that he failed to sustain his position, when an excited cry of "Clear the way—room for Charley," made the passage be cleared again.

At the top of the passage, when it reformed, stood Charley. Dashing off with his hand rapidly the perspiration that gathered on his forehead, and swaying his body preparatory a few times backwards and forwards, almost before the feet of his rival had disappeared below the embankment, he was flying on his way to the leap.

There was so much vigor, and power, and strength, and determination in the manner in which he ran to and faced the jump; there was such an electric sense of victory in the rush of the air as he flew past, that no one in the instant or two the trial lay undetermined, doubted that he would cross it.

And, indeed, as with a rush of suppleness and strength combined, he rose up into the air, his knees resting almost against his breast, it seemed as if he were more flying than leaping.

And when he descended on the opposite bank—which he did a full foot upwards—and, steadying himself for a moment, resumed his upright position, shook the perspiration from his forehead and belling eyes, there rose such a cheer as had not arisen in Mullawmore since the marching airs played by the advancing bands broke a victory won for the O'Moore.

The unsuccessful rival was got out not much the worse for his ducking, and having shaken hands in a friendly way with the victor, the people crowded back to their work.

"That was a fine leap, Charley," said Mr. Canavan.

"So it was," replied Charley cheerfully.

"The longest, I think, ever was made in this country."

"Sorra doubt about it."

"I think it is as good as Kevin Moore's."

"Well, it's near as good anyhow—though I'm sure if Kevin was here to-day he'd beat it."

"Why?"

"Why whenever there was such contention, and so many eyes looking on, Kevin was like myself, and he'd burst his heart or be first."

"Ah! he was a plucky fellow."

"Sorra fier, said Charley gravely.

"He was; much too fine for Botany Bay."

"So he was. God protect him and protect us all!"

"Charley!" whispered Mr. Canavan eagerly.

"Yes," said Charley, turning quickly round.

"Walk easy; stay behind the others. I want to speak to you."

"Very well," assented Charley, as he did so.

"Are you coming to the meeting to-night?"

"I am. What d'ye think they're going to propose, or to do?"

"That's a question it would be difficult to answer now."

"Why?"

"Because no one knows. At least I don't."

"Sure there never was a meeting, barrin' a faction fight," said the youth, with a droll look as he nipped up his trousers and tightened the belt around him, "but people know what they were meeting for, or what they were going to do."

"Not in this case, Charley—not in this case; at least only in a general way," said Mr. Canavan. "We all know in a vague way what it will be necessary to propose and do."

"I wish you'd tell me then," said he, "for I don't."

"You don't?"

"No."

"Nor didn't hear it today?"

"No."

"Well, you know it is advisable not to speak of it openly."

"So it is," assented Charley rather dissatisfied. But as I was one of those to propose the meeting, I might be told they have thought of doing. But I haven't."

"Well, so much the better after all," said the schoolmaster cheerfully, after a moment's consideration. "So much the better. I think it is very sensible."

"Well, perhaps it is."

"To be sure it is, Charley. If there is to be a blow struck for the people at all, it must be struck in secret."

"No doubt."

"And something must be done, now or never."

"It's true for you."

"The prospect before the country is frightful—awful!"

"I hope they're not going to make it worse," said Charley drily.

"They could not make it worse—could they?" said the prophet, looking at him sharply.

"I think not."

"Then why did you say so?"

"Because I thought they might try it."

"Try what?"

"To make it worse."

"How could they do that?" inquired the prophet, in his turn becoming highly dissatisfied with the turn of the conversation.

"By raising the devil. That's the only way they could make it worse," said Charley with a laugh that had as much anger as merriment in it. "That's the only way they could bring war on this earth to do worse than that crew at Grangemore Castle."

"I think you are right there," said Canavan. "All, except Miss Hargrave; she is an exception."

"There is not one of them," said Charley, "that is not bad. There's not a good drop in their veins, nor couldn't be. Tigers or wolves would treat the people with more consideration."

"Well, there never was a barren field that you wouldn't find a green patch in, nor a poisoned herb that you couldn't get good medicine out of. So I would except her. But the rest are bad. It is to discuss them the meeting is to be held to-night."

"I know that, for I was the one to propose it."

"Well, then, you'll be sure to be there?"

"Yes I will," said the other promptly; "when will it be?"

"Well, the men will work till dusk, and—"

"I'd like to see them go away earlier," said Charley with a little laugh. "They wouldn't do it next time, I'll go bail. Isn't it dreadful to think that people can be made such white slaves or in their own land?"

"If it were only that, it wouldn't be so much matter," said the schoolmaster with a deep sigh; "but it's awful to see the greater danger that constantly fronts the people—from the old woman unable to do more than sit in the arm chair, to the little child learning to toddle. Beggary, starvation, the poorhouse, death. It's awful to think of. There must have been some awful crimes committed in this country and by the Irish race in forgotten days, or God would not visit the land and people with such a punishment now."

"Do you know what I think, Harry?"

said Charley familiarly, as he stopped for a second to pull a long thrane where-with to free his pipe, which he was now preparing to fill.

"Well, I'll tell you."

"Do, then," said the prophet, with some little curiosity to know what was going to be pronounced.

"No, you won't feel angry if I tell you?"

"No."

"Well, it is this. I don't believe God has any hand in it at all. Not a bit. It's the devil that's scourging the people for being so cowardly and so foolish. You remember when we wor at school together?"

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, whilst a droll smile crossed his lips.

"You may well smile, Mr. Canavan; for it's little good it does me."

Mr. Canavan was about to intervene a polite dissent, but Charley stopped him.

"No, Mr. Canavan, I know what I'm saying. While you wor always reading and learning, I was always at something else. While you were learning the Latin and Greek, I was learning to jump the hedge at the back of the school. And while you were reading all night at the kitchen fire, long after they all went to bed, I was maybe—maybe, but most likely or surely—playing cards at the shop at the cross-roads, or gaffin' a salmon in the river, or shooting a hare by moonlight at the back of the hill yonder. We couldn't all be good scholars, you know, Harry," he said affectionately, relaxing in his work of filling his pipe, and linking his bare, white muscular arm within the black cloth of the other's.

"No," said Harry, turning to look at him, and noticing, with a feeling of admiration that came back like a bodement of fate to his own heart, the fairness of skin, the brightness of eyes, the fulness of face, the look of abounding health that was in the muscular youth beside him, and then glancing at his own thin white hand; "but I think you have chosen the better part. However, what's done is done, and vain regrets would be idle and sinful. What was you going to say?"

"I was going to say this," said Charley impatiently, removing his flanking arm to place it more emphatically on the other's shoulder. "God has no hand in this whatever. No; none. When we were at school we read about Pharaoh and Moses; didn't we? I remember that much anyhow. Well, God punished the Israelites for their evil, didn't he?"

"Yes; He did," assented the schoolmaster gently; for his mind had got in on a train of saddening thoughts that pre-occupied him, and he was giving for the

moment but faint attention to what the other was saying.

"The other—Pharaoh I mean—didn't he?"

"Yes," assented Harry absently.

"He kept the slaves; he harassed them with work; he drowned their little children—didn't he? or kill them afore they were born—didn't he?"

"He did."

"Well, we nor any of our race, if you went back to the very first that ever stepped on Irish land, never did that. We may fight one another to see who is the best man, or the like, or for divarlin, when there's nothing else to the fore; but what Irishman ever murdered a woman, or what Irishman, above all, that wouldn't protect an 'love a toddling little child?"

"That's so," said the prophet. "No, where do this olden race show?"

"Kindly and chivalrous characters more than in the genial love of nation they show the little ones."

"No, well, Pharaoh and I did all that. They murdered one before and after they were born. They disobeyed God in every way they could. What did He do?"

"He—"

"I don't want you to answer Charley impatiently; I want you to listen to me. What did He do to them plagues. Plagues of eat up another. One of beasts of eat up one of darkness, one of some, and one, the worst, that killed child. Well, what plagues are sent to us for doing nothing half so bad as they did? Every one of these plagues rolled into a lump and made into one, and that one is—the landlord. They eat up the crops, and they kill the first born and youngest born and the whole family; and they make the people mix the water with the blood of their tears; and they make them make bricks without straw—at least," said Charley, laughing, "they make them maketurf for nothing in the heat of the day, which is much the same thing."

"That is not a bad illustration, Charley," said the prophet, as he laughed, partly against his will—for he was in no great mood for laughing—at the fervor of the other's remarks.

"No," said Charley, resuming his seriousness, "because it's true—perfectly true—with this addition, that with Moses and his people the plagues last only for a short time—with us they're likely to be present always—to last for ever."

"The eleventh plague, Charley, is, I suppose, their permanency."

"That's it," said Charley. "That's just it. That's what makes me think God has no hand in these things. He wouldn't punish people so; it's the devil that's done it, and it's doing it because 'e people have all grown cowardly."

"There may be something say, Charley; but, at any rate, to come to the dining room night. Somebody may suggest to save the people. Nec mother of invention, you know."

"Begor and," says Charley, well up and attended to in a might be the mother of a other childer by this time."

This sally provoked another "Will there be many there?"

"Yes; a good many."

"Will they go home first?"

"No."

"Will they go there after?"

"Yes."

"Just as they are?"

"Yes. Just as they are."

"In their bare feet?"

"Yes; it might look rem to them coming this way after a wet home. There is not able in seeing the men scab tombstones, after their prayer at their friends' graves."

"They do."

"Don't you think it's the best course?"

"I think any course, Harry, is the best course," said Charley, turning on his sleeves, which had fallen down to his elbows, and turning round to face the other, standing as he did so stationary, "that's acted on at want. It isn't waitin' for to day or to-morrow, or Friday night, or seven weeks. It isn't waitin' till another townland is turned out, an' a dozen other crathurs an' their families are sent on the high road."

"There I am with you," said the prophet earnestly. "It must be at once. Prompt steps of some kind, whatever they may be, must be taken."

"Because, if not, I'm determined to go away. I won't stop another Christmas in this land of Ireland, dear as I love it. I can't bear to see the people around me in such constant dread and distress. One's life was made for something better nor that."

"That is true, too, Charley," said the prophet, with a deep sigh. "Youth was made for something better and brighter than everlasting fret and trouble. That beautiful scenery around was not intended to rear people for that. Nor the bright blue sky above to rain its gentle rain nor pour its bright warmth over them."

"Very well," said Charley, whose vigorous frame had not much sympathy with the poetry of sentiment. "I'll be there."

"Yes; and bring any others you can trust and that are of your own way of thinking with you."

"Yes."

"Your late opponent, for instance."

"An' a good fellow, too. Sound as steel," said Charley approvingly, so way influenced by their late heated rivalry.

"About dusk, you say?"

"Yes; after work. Some short time after."

"The moon will be risen then."

"No matter. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"I say, Harry," said Charley, turning round when they had parted some short distance, walking back to his friend, "Do you know what you might call the meeting?"

"Call it! What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you wanted to give it a name. That's one for you."

He glanced, as did the other, at the crowding people that, stepping over the black turf banks, in their naked feet, began to resume their work.

"What is it?" said the prophet, with a touch of drollery in his eyes as he asked the question.

"You see all these men?"

"Yes."

"See all their white feet?"

"Yes."

"Very white they look against the black turf—don't they?"

"Yes; they do."

"They are all to go in their bare feet, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Then call it the barefooted meeting."

"Or better again," resumed the speaker, as he turned to go, with a look of fun laughing out of his eyes, "Call 'em the Whitefeet."

"The Whitefeet!" echoed the prophet, answering his bright smile with another. "The Whitefeet! Not a bad name either. The Whitefeet then be it."

They turned to part.

"Oh, by the way, Harry, I forgot to tell you," said Charley, once more retracing his steps. "I forgot to tell you. Do you know what?"

"What?"

"Somebody's come back."

"Come back?"

"Yes, come back."

"Who?"

"Guess."

"Guess? How could I guess?"

"Well, you must guess! It's worth guessing to know."

"I can't guess. Who is it?"

"Try and guess."

"Joe Corrigan—Hugh Kinsella."

"No; guess again. It's long till they'll touch Irish soil. Guess again?"

"Kevin Moore."

"No, poor fellow. Not him. It's long till he'll see Irish soil either."

"Well, I don't know. I give it up."

"I'm sorry you do, because it's an old friend of yours."

"An old friend of mine?"

"Well a young friend if you like it better."

"Oh! Come, Charley. Tell me. Don't keep me in suspense."

"Well it's—it's—it's"—said Charley, prolonging the delay maliciously, "it's—Norah Moore!"

"Norah Moore!" said the prophet standing suddenly, as if stricken into stone. The pallor of his countenance gave place to a warm glow, as the blood mounted into his face and temples almost instantaneously.

"I knew it would surprise you," said Charley. "I knew it would."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Quite sure."

"Did you see her?"

"No; but I know that that did."

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"Where?"

"You'll know that very soon."

"In this country?"

"I can't tell you that for the present. You'll soon know."

And with this they parted.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Do reasonable people go outside the real city and buy in obscure suburbs at fancy prices when they can get lots only one block from the great Fifth-street boulevard, on Robey street, which is 100 feet wide, at \$400 each; on Seely and Hoyne avenues, and south part of Fifty-fourth street, for \$350? Terms of payment, \$50 cash and \$50 every six months, or on monthly payments. Cottages built to order.

WM. H. CONDON,  
Real Estate Dealer,  
156 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Catarrah Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrah, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

A Heavy Gale.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 11, four boats went out to catch herrings at the mouth of Lough Swilly, the sea being then calm. It seems that all went well till about ten o'clock p. m., when there sprang up a strong gale from the southwest, accompanied with heavy rain, and the boats separately made for some port or other. One of them succeeded in making Lennane Bay. Two others, it is believed, got safely landed on the coast at Fanad; while the fourth, making for Cossan, a small creek on the Urris coast, was swamped in the surf, and its crew of nine hardy fishermen met a watery grave. During the ensuing day there was great anxiety as to the fate of the missing boat, but it was not until the next morning, when three oars, a rudder and spirt were washed ashore, that it became known that the boat had gone down. The wreckage was instantly known as belonging to the boat of Bryan Duffy, a veteran seaman, who had spent more than thirty years fishing, and who weathered many a heavy sea along the Inishowen and Fanad coast. The names of the drowned are—Bryan Duffy, owner of the boat, who leaves a large family to mourn his loss; Patrick Canny, unmarried; Michael and Jack Friel, brothers, both married, leaving wives and small families; Denis Canny, unmarried; Hugh Diver, unmarried; Paddy Boyle, married, leaving a wife and small family; Shane Canny, married, leaving a wife and family; and John Canny, unmarried.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their \$5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U.S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Severe Storm.

From an early hour on Jan. 4 until a late hour next morning a gale of unusual severity, accompanied by heavy rain, hail, and sleet, swept over Killarney town and district. So strong was the wind that large trees were in many places torn up by the roots, while the roof of several houses were more or less injured. Two sad deaths resulted from the storm. About 6 o'clock two respectable countrywomen, Mrs. Donna, of Keelbane, and Mrs. Connor, of Tullag, Beaufort, left Killarney, for home, on a donkey cart, accompanied by some relatives. When they reached Fussa chapel their progress was impeded by a large tree being blown down by the storm. One cart was a few yards in front

of the other, and the tree fell right between them with a crash and blocked up

## THE NEW CODE OF RULES

Reviewed from the Standpoint of Two Congressmen.

## MAJORITY AND MINORITY REPORTS.

The former report is in detail while the latter deals only with radical changes to which the Democrats object—Considerable space given to the new quorum clause making 100 members a committee of the whole.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—The majority and minority reports on the new code of rules for the government of the house, prepared by Speaker Reed and Mr. Carlisle respectively, review the rules from the standpoint of the gentlemen named. The majority report is in detail, while that of the minority deals only with the radical changes to which the Democrats object. The majority in its report does not discuss and defend all of the radical changes made by it. In regard to the rule directing the method of ascertaining a quorum when members refuse to vote on roll call the report says: "The process of ascertaining the presence of a quorum to do business under the constitution, would ordinarily be under the control of the speaker, who would derive his information from his own senses or by the aid of a clerk, or in any way which would satisfy his mind of the accuracy of the count."

**The Dilatory Motion Clause.**  
Concerning the new clause providing that no dilatory motion shall be entertained by the speaker, it is stated that the clause is merely declaratory of parliamentary law. "There are no words," the report says, "which can be framed, which will limit members to the proper use of proper motions. To-day the abuse has grown to such proportions that the parliamentary law which governs American assemblies has found it necessary to keep pace with the evil, and to enable the majority, by the intervention of the presiding officer, to meet, by extraordinary means, the extraordinary abuse of power on the part sometimes of a few members."

**The Quorum Clause.**  
In defense of the clause reducing a quorum to 100 members in committee of the whole, the report has this to say: "So far as the constitutional or legal question is concerned, it has never been denied or questioned that it was entirely competent for the house to select any number it might please as a quorum of the committee of the whole."

**The Minority Report.**  
The report submitted by Mr. Carlisle enters into a discussion of the changes made by the majority. In regard to the clause which provides that when a motion is made by direction of a committee to suspend the rules and fix a day for the consideration of a bill previously reported by it, a majority vote shall be sufficient to agree to the motion, but in case an individual member makes it, a vote of two-thirds is required, the report says: "We are unable to discover any sufficient reason for this discrimination against members who may not be fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of committees in making their motions. In fact under the proposed rules the individual member will scarcely have power to make a motion of any kind except when he acts as a representative of a committee and by its direction."

**Committee of the Whole.**  
The rules concerning the committee of the whole are dealt with as follows: "It is proposed by the majority to make a quorum of the committee of the whole house on the state of the union consist of 100 members or considerably less than one-third of all the members of the house. Every bill appropriating money or property or raising revenue must have its first consideration in this committee of 100. Since the organization of the government, it has required the same number of members to constitute a quorum in the committee of the whole as in the house, that is, a majority of all the members elect, and that is manifestly the true rule, because the committee is composed of all the members of the house. It is, indeed, the house itself deliberating as a committee."

**Simply the House Itself.**  
"It has always been so universally conceded that a committee of the whole house was simply the house itself that it has never been considered necessary to prescribe in the rules what number of members should be necessary to constitute a quorum in such committee. The constitution requires a majority of all the members elect to constitute a quorum to do business in the house and without any rule on the subject, the same number has always been recognized as necessary in a committee of the whole and whenever it found itself with less than that number present and voting it has been compelled to suspend its proceedings."

**A Dangerous Innovation.**  
The "counting in" rule that caused so much bitterness during the recent struggle in the house over the Smith-Jackson contested election case, is thus discussed: "This is the most radical and in our opinion the most dangerous innovation proposed by the majority. It agreed to, it will not only overthrow the construction that has been uniformly given to the constitution for over a century, but it will enable less than a majority of the representatives of the people to pass the most important laws affecting the interests of the whole country. The personal and property rights of the citizens protected heretofore by laws enacted by the majority may be impaired or destroyed by the votes of a mere fraction of the members of congress; for if less than a majority may constitutionally pass measures in the house, of course the same may be done in the senate."

**Result of the Rule.**  
"In the same way enormous sums of money may be appropriated from the public treasury for the most unconstitutional and improper purposes and the interests of the taxpayers completely subordinated to the selfish demands of private individuals and corporations. Without entering here into a discussion of the constitutional question involved in this proposition, we earnestly protest against it as a measure of the most dangerous and revolutionary character. Any rule for practice which will enable the speaker or the clerk to pass bills by counting members not voting will inevitably result in the destruction of the confidence of the people in the integrity of legislation and engender controversies and litigations which might be easily avoided by an adherence to the mandate of the constitution as heretofore interpreted."

**Would Prevent Conflicts.**  
In conclusion the report deals with the action of the majority members of the committee in abolishing certain privileged motions, and sums up the matter as follows: "A rule abolishing all parliamentary motions heretofore recognized in the house and simply providing that members may make such motions only as the speaker may see proper to permit and take only such appeals from his decision as he may see proper to allow, would at least have the merit of

directness and simplicity. Such a rule would be no more unreasonable or unjust as the one now proposed and would prevent conflicts upon the floor by advising members in advance precisely what their rights are." The names of Carlisle and Randall are signed to the minority report.

## INDIANA SCHOOL HOUSES.

## A Startling Report Made by the State Board of Health.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 8.—The state board of health has completed its inquiry into the sanitary condition of Indiana school houses and the results are startling. In 3,185 schools there are 1,833 near-sighted pupils, 18 per cent of the grounds need drainage, 71 per cent of the houses are not properly ventilated, 19 per cent not properly heated, 34 per cent have blackboards between the windows, 33 per cent of the blackboards have bad surfaces, 30 per cent have bad water supply, 10 per cent have no closets, 41 per cent of the closets in bad condition, 11 per cent of the closets not separated for sexes, 45 per cent have dangerous nuisances near them, 6 per cent require pupils to be vaccinated, in 52 per cent pupils coming from families in which contagious diseases are prevailing are not excluded from school, and 22 per cent of the houses are not suitable for the district. The dangerous nuisances referred to are cemeteries and ponds.

## Attempted Murder and Suicide.

HAMILTON, Ohio, Feb. 8.—Charles Loomis was the party to a sensational shooting episode as has transpired in this city for some time. A Miss Lottie Longnecker of Eaton for the last few days has been visiting here. Loomis became infatuated with her and asked her to marry him. The girl refused repeatedly, and the affair culminated in a tragedy. At 11 o'clock in the morning Loomis met the girl and once more asked her hand in marriage. Upon her refusal he fired two shots at her, but both missed her. He then turned and shot himself in the right temple, killing himself instantly. Loomis was a broom maker, and is said to have relatives in Centerville, Ind. He was very jealous of Miss Longnecker.

## Arrest of a Diamond Thief.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—Samuel Reinhardt, alias Sam Fox, a notorious Canadian burglar, was captured last week by Detectives Trehorn and McDonald. In his possession was found \$2,000 worth of diamonds. The gems were stolen some time ago from a jewelry store in Montreal, Canada. Reinhardt walked up to the window of the place in broad daylight and threw a brick through the glass. Then he snatched up a tray loaded with diamonds and escaped before the proprietor recovered from his astonishment. Reinhardt then came to Chicago, where he was captured, all but one of the diamonds being recovered. He was taken to Canada Monday.

## Insane from Homesickness.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Feb. 10.—Rockford friends of Mrs. Evans Blake, wife of the United States consul at Crefeld, Germany, were surprised recently to learn that the lady was on her way back to this city. The consul had been established at his post but a short time before Mrs. Blake's health became impaired, and in time her mental faculties gave way. She is now in charge of friends and on her way to a sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich. It is hoped that the aberration of mind is only temporary. The reason for her mind giving way is ascribed as homesickness.

## Peculiar Railway Accident.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 8.—A peculiar accident on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad near the big Pennsylvania tunnel near Hinton, W. Va., caused the death of three men. A freight train going down the track at the usual speed ran into an open switch and dashed into the signal station. It picked up the little house and carried it into the river. The operator, who was in the signal station, the fireman and the engineer were all drowned. The tracks and road bed were considerably damaged and travel was delayed, the first train with the news coming in Friday night.

## Revoked the License.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 10.—The state treasurer and the insurance commissioner have revoked the license by which the American Building and Loan association of Minneapolis was permitted to transact business in Wisconsin. The treasurer will hold fast to the \$100,000 of security deposited by the company for the faithful performance of its obligations to its Badger shareholders until he is satisfied that none of these will be defrauded by the company's collapse.

## Burned the Court Records.

DALLAS, Tex., Feb. 8.—The new court house in this city was totally destroyed by fire about 10 o'clock Friday morning. Several officials and clerks employed in the various offices narrowly escaped death by suffocation, as the fire started in the basement from a defective furnace and rapidly spread through the building. A portion of the court records and the private library of one of the county judges were lost. The loss is \$100,000; fully covered by insurance.

## Nebraska Corn Rate Question.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 8.—Hardly anything in the history of Nebraska has excited the interest that has been provoked by the discussion of the corn rate question. When the people were informed of the petty reduction which the railroads made at Chicago of all the universally denounced it as unworthy of all the great efforts which the governor and state board of transportation have made. Public meetings have been called all over the state to discuss the question.

## Shot While Trying to Escape.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 10.—Samuel Hyner and James Cole, prisoners in the county jail at Erie, Kas., were shot and fatally wounded by Jailer Ellis on Saturday evening, while trying to make their escape. The two men had tried to overpower Ellis, but he drew his revolver and shot them before they could get away. Both men died Sunday.

## Pierce Storm Near Connellsville, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 7.—A fierce storm of wind and snow occurred in the vicinity of Connellsville, Pa., Friday. A part of the famous old National Locomotive works near Haven was blown down and destroyed. The damage will be considerable.

## Mound-Builders' Burying-Ground.

HAMILTON, O., Feb. 10.—A geologist has discovered a mound-builders' burying-ground, in which many skeletons of immense size were found, about four miles from this place. It is thought that the discovery will prove an important one in geological circles.

## Murdered by Burglars.

WESTPORT, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Ransom Floyd and wife were shot by burglars Friday night. Mrs. Floyd is dead, and her husband cannot recover. The murderers obtained \$3,000, the proceeds of the sale of the farm.

## NEW MOVEMENT AHEAD.

## A Gigantic Labor Financial Alliance To Be Formed.

## MAKING PREPARATIONS FOR MAY 1.

A Joint Stock Fund To Be Accumulated and Placed at the Disposal of Any Trade Whose Craftsmen May Be on Strike—Workingmen To Be Insured Against Loss of Wages—What the New Movement Means to Strikers' Families.

BOSTON, Feb. 7.—A morning paper states apparently on the authority of the leaders of the movement that there is to be organized in this country previous to the eight-hour strikes of May 1, 1890, a gigantic labor financial alliance within the ranks of the American Federation of Labor. It is proposed to accumulate a joint stock fund of at least \$200,000 before May 30 to be placed at the disposal of any trade whose craftsmen may be on strike or locked out. The organization of this alliance is said to be already well under way although the matter has been kept as secret as possible.

## What the Leaders Claim.

The leaders claim that labor organizations have practically given nothing but sentiment and the past is strewn with innumerable wrecks of labor associations whose members had not learned that an empty pocket-book meant hunger and that hunger always enabled the employers to win. There are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor 750,000 workers. Allowing that this number of men average forty working weeks in a year that would give \$3,000,000 for a joint fund by each man paying 10 cents a week.

## No More Suffering.

It is claimed that the insurance of workmen against loss of wages will increase the numerical strength of labor organizations and future conventions of national unions will represent millions instead of thousands of workers. This placing of \$3,000,000 at the disposal of a single trade does not mean a multiplication of strikes, nor is it claimed a rule or ruin policy. It means that fewer strikes and lockouts will occur and the suffering of the families of workmen shall never again take place. The article in conclusion gives the views of several well known labor leaders, all of whom speak approvingly of the project.

## A RIVER BOAT LOST.

The Port Eads Strikes the Pier of a Bridge and Sinks—Lives Lost.  
MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 10.—The towboat Port Eads, with a tow of five barges struck pier No. 2 of the Kansas city bridge Monday morning at 6:30 and sank. It struck amidship and swung around the pier. It went down inside of ten minutes in seventy feet of water. The cabin floated off as she went down. The tow broke loose and was caught a few miles below by the tug Welcome and Mayflower. The chambermaid was lost, and five or six others not yet accounted for. The boat was the property of the St. Louis and Mississippi Valley Transportation company and valued at \$35,000; no insurance.

## Completed the Schedule.

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 10.—The Western association schedule committee have completed its labors after the most harmonious and satisfactory session in the history of the organization. No discussion whatever arose out of the adoption of the playing schedule for the coming season and the original sheet, after but few slight modifications, was unanimously agreed upon. The northern club open with each other: St. Paul at Des Moines, April 17, 18, and 19; Milwaukee at Minneapolis the same date; Omaha at Denver, April 17, 18, and 19; Sioux City at Kansas City same date. No mention was made of the national agreement and the delegates refused to express themselves on the subject.

## Gave Him Over \$20,000 Damages.

MANHATTAN, O., Feb. 10.—The jury in the case of Boyd W. Miller vs. the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad company, for \$20,000 damages, brought in a verdict Saturday. It gives Miller \$21,850 damages for injuries he sustained at Akron about two years ago when he was running a road engine, which collided with a switch engine in the Akron yards. The accident totally disabled him. At the first trial he was awarded \$20,000.

## Joined the Presbyterian Church.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—The Central Presbyterian church, on West Fifty-seventh street, here present number among its members ex-President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. They were formally admitted to membership on Sunday of last week, but owing to the inclemency of the weather Mrs. Cleveland did not attend the services that day. Sunday morning she went alone, and when the services were over she walked home.

## Some Ethnological Curiosities.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, the famous arctic explorer, arrived in Chicago Saturday morning from Mexico in charge of eleven Tarahumari Indians, better known as cliff or cave dwellers. These Indians were brought into civilization as the result of The Chicago Herald's enterprise—the fruit of an exploration into the wilds of the Sierra Madre de Mexico, with Lieut. Schwatka at its head.

## An Actress Asphyxiated.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—Alice Roberts, a burlesque actress who has been playing the part of one of the detectives in "Don Juan" at Koster and Bial's, was found dead in bed at her home, having been asphyxiated by illuminating gas during the night. From the appearance of the turn screw on the gas bracket it is apparent that in turning the gas off she inadvertently twisted the key back and opened the valve.

## The Lenox Hill Bank Reopened.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The Lenox Hill bank reopened at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. As soon as the doors swung back a crowd of about 100 depositors rushed in. The majority of them sought to draw money, but there were several who made deposits. No money was paid out except on certified checks. Others received certificates promising payment within thirty days.

## Chief Justice Woods Stricken.

JACKSON, Miss., Feb. 10.—Chief justice of the supreme court, Thomas H. Woods, was stricken with paralysis Sunday, and has been in a semi-conscious condition ever since. This is the second attack he has had and his recovery is doubtful.

## Perished in the Flames.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Feb. 10.—The house occupied by Miss Caroline Lane, in Lunenburg, was burned to the ground. Miss Lane, who was 80 years old and lived alone, perished.

## THE ANARCHISTS' CASE AGAIN.

## Is To Be Taken Before the United States Supreme Court for Review.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 7.—The famous case which culminated in the hanging of the Anarchists is to be taken before the United States supreme court for review. Lawyer Moses Salomon, of Chicago, has achieved this sensational victory for the revolutionists. He has been identified with the case from the start, and indefatigable in his efforts to find some loophole for getting his clients—Neebe, Fielden and Schwab—out of the penitentiary. For months he has been working to secure an amendment of the record to show that the prisoners were not present in the supreme court when the judgment of the lower court, which inflicted the death penalty, was affirmed.

## Granted a Writ of Error.

When Lawyer Salomon returned to Chicago Thursday night he carried with him an order from the chief justice of the supreme court granting a writ of error from the United States supreme court to the supreme court of Illinois for the purpose of allowing the case to again go before the court for review. Salomon's contention is that the prisoners were deprived of a constitutional right by not being permitted to be present when the court passed sentence upon them. The court has refused to allow an amendment of the record, but not being satisfied apparently that a federal question is not involved has consented to the federal court finally determining the matter. The case will come up for hearing at Washington during the October term of court.

## THE RECENT MONON WRECK.

## The Coroner Returns a Verdict Censuring the Railway Company.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 7.—Coroner Dove, of Hamilton county, has returned his verdict in the case of the recent wreck on the Monon north of this city. After naming the persons killed and describing the manner of the accident the verdict read: "I find that the accident occurred by the turning of the rail where the shoving was done and I deem it a dangerous expedient on such a curve when many of the ties are unsound. The persons who are responsible for this defective track deserve criticism and censure."

## A Bridge in Bad Condition.

The people along the line between this city and Frankfort are making complaint about the condition of the road, and it is claimed that none of the bridges and very little of the track are in good condition. The Bond bridge, two miles north of Carmel, is the object of special complaint. The trestle spans a ravine, through which a small stream of water runs. It is about 150 feet long and twenty feet high. The structure is made of piling, driven when the road was first built. Many of the piles are rotten, the ties are in a decayed condition, and the spikes and nuts are missing in many places.

## A ROYAL WELCOME

## Tendered to Rev. DeWitt Talmage at the Brooklyn Armory.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—It was clearly demonstrated Thursday night that if the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is to continue as chaplain of the Thirtieth regiment and purposes to make any more trips to the Holy Land the sooner the regiment gets a new and a very much larger armory the better. The reception given to him drew about 7,000 people to the armory in Brooklyn and thousands more had to go away without being able to gain admission. After the guests had been seated sixty little children clad in white brought Dr. Talmage in, throwing his path with roses, and sang several stanzas of the hymn "Home Again from a Foreign Shore." Col. David E. Austin, Mayor Chapin, Gen. A. C. Barnes, Gen. W. T. Sherman, James S. T. Stranahan, Joseph C. Hendrix and others spoke words of welcome and Mr. Talmage made one of his happiest efforts in response.

## The English Colliery Horror.

LONDON, Feb. 7.—The work of removing the bodies of the miners who lost their lives by the explosion in the colliery at Aberystwyth is being carried on as rapidly as possible. Already 155 have been taken out and it is believed that about thirty more yet remain. The successful restoration of the ventilation of the pit has resulted in simplifying the work of the relieving parties. Many affecting scenes are constantly witnessed. Among them the discovery of the grouped bodies of a father and his five sons suffocation had caused their death, and as they lay undiscovered by the flames they appeared to be peacefully slumbering.

## Unable to Agree.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 7.—The announcement was made at 9:45 o'clock Friday morning that the assembly world's fair conference committee had been unable to agree and so adjourned until Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock. It is now expected that the committee will arrive at an agreement by Monday afternoon and report to the legislature the same evening.

## Governor Hill has sent to the legislature a message concerning world's fair legislation in which he says he is ready to sign the original bill and appeals to the legislature to lay aside political considerations and to pass the bill as it was originally presented.

## Powderly Strikes Back.

SCRANTON, Pa., Feb. 7.—General Master Workman Powderly has made affidavit before Alderman Fuller to the effect that Edward Callaghan, of Scottsdale, had defamed him in various letters which he sent to Alderman and others. A warrant for Callaghan on the charge of criminal libel has been issued. He is the man who recently sued Powderly on the charge of causing him to be boycotted. The warrant in the latter case was served, but it was not returned to Scottsdale because Callaghan made no provision for paying the Scranton constable to whom it was sent.

## An Alleged Incendiary Arrested.

NORWALK, Ohio, Feb. 7.—John Reis, of Greenwich has been arrested charged with complicity in the attempt to burn Hartline's agricultural warehouse Tuesday night. Dick Brewer, the man first arrested, says Reis hired him to set fire to the building. Reis was formerly a carriage maker at Blue Fly, and on account of a mysterious burglary at Hartline's factory had blood had existed between the men for some time.

## Approved by the President.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—The president has approved the act for a bridge across the Missouri river near the mouth of the Kansas river, and the act creating three additional land offices in the state of Colorado.



## THE GERMAN AND HIS CLOCK.

The story is told of a German who took the hands of his clock to the maker to have them fixed, because they did not keep proper time. Of course, the clock maker demanded the works, as in them lay the trouble. Boils and blotches, pimples and other eruptions on the exterior tell of a disordered condition of the blood within. Be you man or woman, or aught else human, if you have these in time, arrest the march of Consumption of the Lungs, which is Lung-scurf, purifies and enriches the blood, thereby curing

all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Ulcers, Sores, Swellings, and kindred ailments. It is powerfully tonic as well as alternative, or blood-cleansing, in its effects, hence it strengthens the system and restores vitality, thereby dispelling all those languid, "tired" feelings, experienced by those debilitated. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only blood and lung remedy, sold by druggists, and guaranteed by its manufacturers, to do all that it is claimed to accomplish, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

## \$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

**SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.**—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, watering in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. This infallible remedy does not, like the poisonous irritating snuffs, "creams" and strong caustic solutions with which the public have long been humbugged, simply palliate for a short time, or drive the disease to the lungs, where there is danger of doing harm.

Simplest and most effective remedy for Catarrh of the Head, throat, nose, and lungs, is the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, as thousands can testify. "Cold in the Head" is cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache is relieved and cured as if by magic. It removes offensive breath, lessens impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, weakens or weak eyes, and impairs memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are. By druggists, 50 cents.

## THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

**Suicide of a Traveling Man.**  
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 10.—J. J. McCarthy, 40 years of age, a traveling man from Mayville, Ky., committed suicide at his boarding house by shooting himself through the heart with a revolver. Nothing is known of him beyond his residence and the fact that he was traveling for an implement house. Despondency was the cause of his act.

## The Cashier a Defaulter.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 10.—The officials of the Lincoln national bank, at Lincoln, this county, have discovered that the cashier, Ellis Bard, is a defaulter to the extent of \$25,000. An Ephrata firm was assisted with the money, and the peculations extended over a year. An investigation of the bank's affairs is now in progress. No arrests have yet been made.

## Bricklayers Reject Eight Hours.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 11.—The Journeymen Bricklayers Protective association yesterday rejected the eight-hour proposition, and favored nine hours at 45 cents instead of 40 cents an hour.

## THE MARKETS.

## CHICAGO, Feb. 10.

Board of trade quotations to-day ranged as follows: Wheat—No. 2 May, opened 75½¢, closed 75½¢; July, opened 75½¢, closed 75½¢. Corn—No. 2 February, opened 28½¢, closed 28½¢; May, opened 28½¢, closed 28½¢; July, opened 28½¢, closed 28½¢. Oats—No. 2 February, opened 23½¢, closed 23½¢; May, opened 23½¢, closed 23½¢; July, opened 23½¢, closed 23½¢. Pork—February, opened 37½¢, closed 37½¢; March, opened 37½¢, closed 37½¢; May, opened 37½¢, closed 37½¢. Lard—February, opened 10½¢, closed 10½¢; March, opened 10½¢, closed 10½¢; May, opened 10½¢, closed 10½¢.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards: Light opened active, 10½¢; rough packing, 10½¢; mixed lots, 10½¢; heavy packing and shipping lots, 10½¢. Cattle—Strong to 10¢ higher; beefs, 10½¢; bulks, 10½¢; 4½¢ cows, 10½¢; stockers and feeders, 10½¢. Sheep—Firm; muttons, 10½¢; corn-fed westerns, 10½¢; lambs, 10½¢.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 25½¢; fine creameries, 25½¢; dairies, finest, fresh, 10½¢; packing stock, 40¢. Eggs—Fresh, 12½¢; 12½¢ per doz.; lake house stock, 7¢. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 80¢; turkeys, 12½¢; geese, 10½¢; ducks, 80¢; geese, 10½¢ per lb. Potatoes—Peerless, 30¢; No. 1; Beauty of Hebron, 30¢; No. 2; Burbanks, 30¢; No. 3; Illinois sweet potatoes, good to fancy, 25¢; Apples—Good to fancy, 25¢; No. 1; cherries, 30¢; Wisconsin bell and bell, 30¢ per bu.

Broom Corn—Hurl, 50¢ per lb; whist brush 50¢; green, self-working, 50¢; inside and covers, 50¢; common brush, 50¢; crooked, 20¢.

## Toledo, Ohio, Feb. 10.

Wheat—Cash, 75½¢; February, 75½¢; May, 75½¢; July, 75½¢; August, 75½¢; Corn—Cash, 28½¢; Oats—Nominal. Clover seed—Cash, 28½¢; February, 28½¢; March, 28½¢.

## St. Louis, Feb. 10.

Wheat—Cash firm, 76¢; out-of-hand, lower; May and June, 75½¢; July, 75½¢; August, 75½¢; Corn—No. 2, mixed, 28½¢; cash; do, February, 28½¢; do, March, 28½¢; do, May, 28½¢; Oats—Dull; No. 2, mixed 28½¢; cash; do, March, 28½¢; do, April, 28½¢; do, May, 28½¢; Rye—Dull; Nominal. Pork—Dull; new mess, 11½¢; Lard—Steady; February, 10½¢; March, 10½¢; May, 10½¢.

## New York, Feb. 10.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 75½¢; cash; do, March, 75½¢; do, April, 75½¢; do, May, 75½¢; Corn—No. 2, mixed, 28½¢; cash; do, February, 28½¢; do, March, 28½¢; do, May, 28½¢; Oats—Dull; No. 2, mixed 28½¢; cash; do, March, 28½¢; do, April, 28½¢; do, May, 28½¢; Rye—Dull; Nominal. Pork—Dull; new mess, 11½¢; Lard—Steady; February, 10½¢; March, 10½¢; May, 10½¢.

## The Bail Bonds Forfeited.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—When the cases of the alleged jury-bribers were called in Judge Waterman's court John Graham failed to appear and his bonds of \$15,000 were declared forfeited.

## THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

## TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....\$2.50  
Six Months.....1.25  
Three Months......75  
Single Copies......05  
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly  
each.....2.00  
All subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice Chicago, for trans-  
mission through the Mail as second-class  
matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any  
money forwarded through the mail, unless it is  
sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order,  
Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should  
be addressed to the editor. All business letters  
should be addressed to THE CITIZEN News-  
paper Company.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the  
principal places of amusement during the com-  
ing week:

**CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.**  
Gordon Clark and Washington St. — "The  
Gondoliers."

**MEVIER'S THEATRE.**  
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—  
Eudolph Aronson's Comic Opera Co.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE.**  
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—  
Bardon's "Kitties."

**BOULEVARD THEATRE.**  
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—  
Carleton Opera Co.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**  
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—  
"The Oulab."

**RAYMARKET THEATRE.**  
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union  
Joseph Murphy.

"We must tolerate one another, or else toler-  
ate the common enemy."—Henry Graham.

**THE "HERALD" OUGHT TO TAKE A  
LIVER PILL.**

The Chicago Herald of last Monday,  
after having first tickled its throat with a  
feather, threw up the following amount of  
decomposed bile in reference to "Mr.  
Fitzgerald's address":

"Nothing that President Fitzgerald, of  
the Irish National League, can say: no  
epithets that he can hurl; no absurd in-  
sultations to which he may attach his  
name, and no bombastic appeals for cash  
that he may make will lead the American  
people to forget the important fact that  
the League of which he is president asks  
money—not investigation."

"Pay your money and ask no ques-  
tions" is the platform of the Irish National  
League. "Subscribe now and subscribe  
again, but let no convention that might  
manifest a desire to examine the books or  
change the officers be held"—that is the  
word that comes from Parnell by way of  
Detroit. This programme may suit the  
professional patriots who thrive off the  
misfortunes of Ireland. It may suit the  
swollen bosses who maintain a profitable  
political alliance with James G. Blaine.  
It may suit the creatures whose sympathy  
with murder and murderers is too pro-  
found to be concealed. But does it suit  
the American people and the great body  
of Irish Americans who have nothing in  
common with the few nabobs who trade  
on Ireland's woe and attempt to traffic in  
the honor and independence of Ireland's  
sons?

"The attack on the Herald to which  
President Fitzgerald has affixed his name is  
not a serious matter." It evidently emanates  
from a Jim Blaine Irishman in Fitz-  
gerald's train, and is worthy the intelli-  
gence which eighteen months ago devised  
the idea of frightening free-born Ameri-  
cans into voting the republican high tax,  
free whisky and dynamite ticket by  
flaunting the British flag in their faces.  
Let it be remembered that the same crowd  
that then demanded submission to monopoly  
taxation now dramatically manipulate  
a stuffed figure of John Bull for the pur-  
pose of compelling contributions to a fund  
which may or may not be honestly and  
lawfully applied.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, or the Jim Blaine Irish-  
man who does his writing for him, ap-  
peals to the manhood, the devotion and  
the common sense of the Irish people in  
America—for what? For investigation of  
O'Reilly's accounts? Not at all. For an  
honest avowal of the League's attitude  
on the subject of Cronin's murder? Not  
a bit of it. For a fair explanation of the  
League's policy relative to Great Britain  
—whether its agitation is to be constitu-  
tional or murderous? Not any. The ap-  
peal is for hard cash. "Pay your money.  
How and for what it may be expended  
are no affairs of yours."

"All things considered, should not Presi-  
dent Fitzgerald own up and address his  
appeals not to the manhood, the devotion  
and the common sense of the Irish people,  
but to their credulity, their gullibility and  
their folly?"

When an editor is morally bilious it is,  
truly, natural that he should relieve his  
distress according to the process of nature.  
It may be, in the opinion of the Herald, a  
great crime to be "a Jim Blaine Irish-  
man," by which is meant, of course, that  
all Irish-Americans who have supported  
Mr. Blaine are mere serfs of an individual  
statesman. No class of men in this coun-  
try are more independent in their views  
than these same "Jim Blaine Irishmen,"  
and it is because of their independence—  
their contempt of the party lash when a  
vital principle is at stake—that papers  
like the Herald abuse them. But, in re-  
ality, the Irish who have stood up for the  
respectability of the Irish name in this

city against the Herald, and others of its  
 ilk, are mainly the strongest kind of Dem-  
ocrats. If the Herald feels like throwing  
 mud at its own constituency it is none of  
 our business, but we may be permitted to  
 say that it is a very singular newspaper  
 method.

Dr. O'Reilly's accounts have been in-  
 vestigated—investigated, too, at his own re-  
 quest. Not very long ago the Herald  
 would have denounced any opposition to  
 the wishes of Mr. Parnell, either at home  
 or abroad, as something akin to treason.  
 It is at Mr. Parnell's special request that  
 the convention has been postponed, not  
 once but several times. Why this sudden  
 and ominous change on the part of the  
 Herald? Does it think that the Irish  
 cause is defeated or has grown unpopular?  
 If so it is mistaken. Does it suppose it  
 can insult the Irish Nationalists of this  
 country with impunity? Other papers,  
 quite as potent as the Herald, tried that  
 game and were compelled to pull in their  
 horns. Experience ought to teach, if it  
 does not.

It is singular that "the few nabobs who  
 trade on Ireland's woe and attempt to  
 traffic in the independence and honor of  
 Ireland's sons" are the men who have  
 ever shown a readiness to open their  
 purse strings for the relief of the Irish  
 cause, and who have set an example of  
 generosity and charity that some people  
 connected with the Herald might do well  
 to imitate. The Herald pays a very sin-  
 gular compliment to the majority of the  
 Irish American people when it puts them  
 in the attitude of dupes or idiots.

The Herald wants "an honest avowal of  
 the (Irish National) League's policy re-  
 lative to Great Britain—whether its agita-  
 tion is to be constitutional or murderous."  
 Is the Herald interested in knowing  
 whether Great Britain's policy toward  
 Ireland is constitutional or murderous?  
 What does it care? Great Britain is rich  
 and mighty—Ireland the reverse. The  
 materialistic Herald is, according to its  
 nature and philosophy, on the side of the  
 greater power. This is not to be won-  
 dered at. The American Tories were on  
 the side of the English during the Revo-  
 lution, but Right, in the long run, van-  
 quished Might.

The Herald knows very well that the  
 Irish National League has no murderous  
 policy. If it had, it would not obey Parnell.  
 No Irish society has a murderous policy.  
 Some Irish societies have vigorous pol-  
 icies, but there is no murder in their pro-  
 gramme. These are days when news-  
 papers like the Herald, echoing English  
 opinion, denounce "physical force Irish-  
 men." Did the English papers denounce  
 the southern seceders during the War of  
 the Rebellion? Did the English papers  
 denounce the raid from Canada on the St.  
 Albans bank in 1864? Did the English  
 papers denounce the arming and equip-  
 ping of privateers, or pirates, for the  
 wrecking of American commerce from  
 1861 to 1865?

An American paper should be the last  
 organ in the world to lecture Irishmen,  
 or men of any nation, against the evils of  
 physical force. It is true that the latter  
 should always be governed by opportunity  
 and the probability of success, but the  
 principle of physical force in revolution,  
 under proper conditions, cannot be con-  
 troverted. The Citizen heartily wishes  
 that the Irish people at home were in the  
 condition to meet England with the wea-  
 pons of freemen to day. As they are not  
 they must do the next best thing. This  
 American republic is the child of physical  
 force. It was conceived at the fusillade of  
 Concord, and was truly born amid the  
 thunders of the Franco American artillery  
 at Yorktown. Commodore McDonough  
 rocked its cradle on Lake Champlain and  
 Andrew Jackson at New Orleans. The  
 war with Mexico developed its mighty  
 muscle, and the battle for the Union made  
 it a giant. Will this glorious child of  
 "blood and iron," through its press, dare  
 to denounce the policy that has made the  
 radiance of its ever increasing stars rival  
 the glory of the sun?

But the Herald does not speak for  
 America, or Americans, in the broad and  
 general sense. It speaks only for that  
 section of the American people which  
 would have let George III. build the  
 Colonies rather than disturb the current  
 of commerce; which would have allowed  
 England the right of search rather than  
 sever connection with a London trading  
 house, and which would rather have let  
 the South go than offend the slave holders  
 and cotton lords. The Irish-American  
 people can well say to the Herald—Physi-  
 cian, heal thyself.

**FITZGERALD CAN "MAKE HIS MARK."**

The insulting remarks relative to Presi-  
 dent Fitzgerald's alleged illiteracy in-  
 duced by several of the Chicago daily  
 papers, reminds THE CITIZEN of General  
 Tarleton's flight from the battle of the  
 Cowpens, during the Revolutionary war,  
 closely accompanied by the keen sword  
 blade of Col. William Washington. Soon  
 after the fight, Tarleton, who was wounded  
 in the region of his coat tails, was visit-  
 ing the house of an American lady whose re-  
 sidence happened to be within the British  
 lines in the Carolinas. The affair of the  
 Cowpens came up in the conversation, and  
 the ability of Col. William Washington  
 was criticised by the English officers pres-  
 ent. "Why," said General Tarleton, "I  
 understand that Col. Washington cannot  
 even write his name!" "That may be,"  
 instantly replied the lady of the mansion,  
 "but I guess full in Tarleton's face" he can,  
 "at least, make his mark!" The English  
 general blushed scarlet, bowed and with-

drew. The Chicago dailies in Mr. Fitz-  
 gerald's case—seeing that he also has  
 "made his mark" under their coat tails  
 —should follow Gen. Tarleton's example.

THE CLAN-NA-GAEL AND IRISH  
UNION.

Ever since the conquest of Ireland was  
 begun by the Normans, in 1169, there has  
 been an Irish born English party, the  
 prototype of the American Tories, friend-  
 ly to foreign influence in that country.  
 There are people who doubt whether  
 Dermot MacMurrough invited the Eng-  
 lish Normans to invade his country, but  
 the weight of history convicts him, and  
 the Irish chieftains, jealous of each  
 other, basely submitted to Henry II, and  
 to his odious son, John, as, indeed, certain  
 Irish chieftains in all generations since  
 their time, from Diarmid McCarthy, of  
 Desmond, to Daniel O'Donoghue, of the  
 Glens, have submitted to the divers Kings  
 and Queens of England; but the great  
 mass of the Irish nation, whether as chiefs  
 or clansmen, have "fought the good fight  
 and kept the faith" in spite of every  
 effort on the part of the national enemy  
 to subvert their spirit. The King's Mac-  
 Murroughs; the King's McCarthys; the  
 Queen's O'Reillys, O'Donnells, O'Neills,  
 and the rest, were always the deadly ene-  
 mies of those of their sept who stood by  
 the cause of Irish independence against  
 the strong odds of foreign force and na-  
 tive treason. The Irish, loyal to Ireland,  
 were the men who made all the sacrifices  
 and paid all the penalties. Art MacMur-  
 rough, the hero King of Leinster, nobly  
 repaired the crimes of his ancestor by the  
 victories of Callan and of Kells, where he  
 slew the heir to the throne of England, in  
 the person of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of  
 March, cousin, on his mother's side, to  
 Richard II, son of the Black Prince, of  
 whom he was the heir apparent, and to  
 Henry IV, son of John of Gaunt, who,  
 failing the male line of Mortimer, usurped  
 the throne at the deposition of his igno-  
 ble and unfortunate cousin. The treason of  
 "base Diarmid McCann" was well atoned  
 for by his gallant descendant, who smote  
 the Geraldines, then new comers, on the  
 confines of Munster, while the O'Neills,  
 O'Donnells and O'Reillys have given  
 enough lustre to Irish annals to atone for  
 the acronism of those of their race  
 whom the gold of Elizabeth seduced from  
 their natural allegiance.

While many of the clansmen, from a  
 mistaken sense of tribal loyalty, followed  
 their chiefs in the path of treason, the  
 body of the Irish people have always  
 hated and struggled against the English  
 occupation of their country, and, unques-  
 tionably, in the time of Hugh O'Neill,  
 not yet three hundred years ago, they  
 would have overthrown the invaders had  
 not the religious question, following the  
 so-called reformation, divided many of the  
 "old" and all of the "new strangers," or  
 Irish of English descent, from the mass  
 of their fellow countrymen. The dual  
 devil of clanship and divergent creeds  
 remained the bane of Ireland until the  
 United Irish association was organized by  
 Theobald Wolfe Tone, assisted by the  
 master minds of Thomas Addis Emmet,  
 William James MacNevin and Lord Ed-  
 ward Fitzgerald. Then, almost for the  
 first time since the days of Elizabeth, the  
 Irish Protestant and the Irish Catholic  
 met in the same spirit of resistance to the  
 English authority. But, yet again, a cloud  
 came between the elements that should  
 have been united. General enlighten-  
 ment, owing to the penal laws of a whole  
 century, did not prevail in Ireland in 1798.  
 Designing agents of the English govern-  
 ment labored to give the rebellion of the  
 year mentioned a sectarian character, and  
 the Irish Protestants, fighting for the total  
 independence of Ireland, at Ballynahinch  
 and Antrim, were told that the Wexford  
 Catholics, fighting for the same cause at  
 Oulart Hill and Enniscorthy, were mur-  
 dering their Protestant neighbors, while  
 the Wexford men were told the same lie  
 in regard to their Ulster allies.

The brutal passions of the Orange Yeo-  
 manry, which spared not the spotless and  
 the helpless, not to speak of the armed  
 insurrectionists, provoked in Wexford the  
 abominable retaliation known in his-  
 tory as the massacre of Scullabogue, and,  
 at the close of the rebellion, the Catholics  
 and Protestants of Ireland were, in the  
 main, as hopelessly divided as in the  
 reign of James I.

In this condition they remained, with  
 some honorable exceptions, until Smith  
 O'Brien, a Protestant, assumed the leader-  
 ship of the more advanced Irish National  
 movement—O'Donnell having lost his  
 strength of mind and heart—in 1846. In  
 1848, the Young Ireland Party, in imi-  
 tation of the First and Second French Re-  
 publicans, adopted a tricolor of Green,  
 White and Orange, to represent the dif-  
 ferent elements that compose the Irish  
 people—Green to represent the Celtic  
 Catholics; White the non-partisan, or con-  
 servative, groups, and Orange to take in  
 the color that had been made the symbol  
 of war between Protestant and Catholic  
 "through the rancorous blood of five gen-  
 erations."

The Fenian Brotherhood, first orga-  
 nized by Col. John O'Mahony, generally  
 carried the Green and Gold banner, now  
 universally accepted as the true symbol of  
 the Emerald Island, but the Fenians al-  
 ways took great pains to cultivate the  
 friendship of the Irish Protestants, and  
 several of the organizers succeeded in get-  
 ting many members of the Orange order  
 in Ireland to join the "disloyal" ranks.  
 Strange to say these Irish Orange "re-  
 bels" remained among the trust of the true

and not a man of them, in after days, ap-  
 peared upon the stand as a witness for the  
 British Crown! They were, of course,  
 the grandsons of the men who fought  
 with the Irish Presbyterian leaders, Mon-  
 roe and McCracken, against England in  
 1798.

After the Fenian collapse, the cause of  
 which "were long to tell and sad to  
 trace," a few Irish nationalists slumbered  
 for a few years. It awoke to a new and  
 vigorous life about 1869, when the orga-  
 nization now called the Clan-na-Gael was  
 formed. It immediately adopted the Irish  
 Tricolor of Young Ireland—the flag of  
 Smith O'Brien, Mitchell and Meagher—  
 Green, White and Orange, and, from that  
 day to this, the bitterness between the dif-  
 ferent creeds of Ireland has been steadily  
 on the decline. Protestant and Catholic  
 have met as friends and brothers in  
 "camp," or at "reunion," and, as a com-  
 mon piece to the "Wearing of the Green,"  
 they have sung together:

Come pledge again that heart and hand—  
 One grasp that never shall sever—  
 Our watchword be "Our Native Land"—  
 Our motto, "Love Forever;"  
 And let the Orange lily be  
 Thy badge, my patriot brother—  
 The everlasting Green for me,  
 And we for one another!

More than that, the Fenians and the  
 Clan-na-Gael men taught Irishmen from  
 all parts of Ireland, whether of one creed  
 or the other, to know and love each other.  
 They set peremptorily down on all provin-  
 cial, county and barony organizations. In  
 a word, although clansmen, they made  
 war upon clannishness, and, as a general  
 thing, they succeeded in crushing that  
 bane of the Irish people. Ulster, Mun-  
 ster, Leinster and Connaught came together  
 every meeting night, and whatever spirit  
 of factionousness might manifest itself was  
 not due to either the religion or the par-  
 ticular place of birth of the contending  
 parties.

The Clan-na-Gael may, in its own good  
 time, be called upon to reorganize its  
 ranks, but never to basely surrender to  
 the howl of envious bigotry. It has the  
 forces of good within it, but it must  
 strongly guard against the evil designs of  
 the enemies of Ireland, who may find en-  
 trance within its temple. Every officer,  
 from the highest to the lowest, should be  
 known to the humblest member, and  
 there should be an explicit statement  
 of the condition of the funds to the rank  
 and file at least once a year. There should  
 be nothing said or done within the halls  
 of the body that could be even construed  
 into an attempt to offend against Ameri-  
 can law, but, at the same time, no apology  
 should be offered either to Englishmen or  
 Anglo-Americans for any aid that might  
 be extended to the old mother country in  
 her gallant struggle for liberty. By pursu-  
 ing the line, thus humbly suggested by  
 THE CITIZEN; by avoiding what enemies  
 might construe, for political ends, into  
 criminal mystery, and, at the same time,  
 avoiding that indiscretion which has  
 wrecked so many worthy organizations,  
 the Clan-na-Gael will be a power for good  
 in the world, and will be looked to with  
 love and gratitude by the friends of liberty  
 and by its foes with fear, not unmingled  
 with respect.

## THE EMMET CELEBRATION.

The preparations for the celebration of  
 the 113th anniversary of the birth of Rob-  
 ert Emmet, at Central Music Hall in this  
 city, have been almost completed, and the  
 prospects for a superb demonstration,  
 worthy of the hero whose memory is to  
 be honored, are most flattering. Mr.  
 Matthew P. Brady will officiate as presi-  
 dent of the oratory, and the Hon. Thomas Brennan,  
 of Omaha, and other speakers of high  
 reputation, will address the assemblage.  
 In addition to the oratory, a fine literary  
 and musical programme has been pre-  
 pared, and will be presented with all the  
 completeness that local talent, of the most  
 select and meritorious order, can supply.

THE "TRIBUNE" AND THE NEW IRISH  
FUND.

Not many moons ago our amiable, but  
 forgetful, contemporary, the Chicago  
 Tribune, was giving Hall Columbia to the  
 Irish Nationalists of this country because  
 of their alleged opposition to the wishes  
 of Mr. Parnell and the Irish parliamen-  
 tary party. In reality no such opposition  
 existed. There was, and there is, some  
 difference of opinion but no hostility  
 whatever. We were, considering the  
 past, rather astonished to read the fol-  
 lowing leaderette in the Tribune of last Wed-  
 nesday:

"If the reports in the Irish National  
 newspapers are to be credited there is no  
 pressing necessity for the collection of  
 funds in America to assist the Irish Na-  
 tional movement. Indeed, it appears  
 from those reports that the Parnellites  
 just now have an abundance of cash at  
 their disposal. Last year was a good one  
 for the Irish farmers. The crops were  
 good. Prices were higher than for many  
 years. Rents are from 25 to 35 per cent  
 lower than ten years ago. The farmers  
 made money and they have not forgotten  
 their benefactors—the Parnellites. With-  
 in two months they have contributed  
 \$165,000 to the Tenants' Defense League,  
 which has supplanted the National  
 League. At least \$75,000 has been re-  
 ceived for other patriotic purposes, and  
 about \$100,000 has been collected in Aus-  
 tralia through the efforts of Mr. John  
 Dillon. This makes \$340,000. Half the  
 amount ought to meet the expenses of  
 that Irish electoral campaign which Mr.  
 Fitzgerald, of Nebraska, is so much trou-  
 bled about. It is worth noting in this  
 connection that Mr. Parnell has not made

any appeal for money to Irish Americans.  
 Mr. Fitzgerald and his Clan-na-Gael  
 friends are too solicitous about funds at  
 this juncture."

THE CITIZEN would respectfully remind  
 the Tribune that it was at the direct re-  
 quest of Mr. Parnell, through the medium  
 of a cablegram sent by Dr. Kenny and Mr.  
 T. Harrington, two of the Irish parliamen-  
 tary leaders' most trusted lieutenants,  
 the National League convention was post-  
 poned and the appeal for funds "to put  
 the Irish party in good shape for the ap-  
 proaching general election," in Great  
 Britain and Ireland, made. Perhaps if  
 the Tribune had gone to the extent of say-  
 ing that funds for any Irish parliamen-  
 tary movement went eventually into the  
 coffers of the English, as most of the wages  
 of the Irish-American working people,  
 sent to Ireland to assist needy relatives,  
 go into the landlords' pockets for rent, it  
 would not have been far astray. But these  
 are no times for carping. No matter  
 what views THE CITIZEN may entertain,  
 it does not, in this crisis of Irish affairs,  
 desire to play the part of a wet blanket.  
 It sincerely hopes that the Tribune is of  
 the same way of thinking, especially when  
 the Fund appealed for by Mr. Fitzgerald  
 is to go to the Tenants' Defense Asso-  
 ciation.

JOSEPH MURPHY AT THE HAY-  
MARKET.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will be  
 glad to see by the advertising columns  
 that the ever welcome, and always suc-  
 cessful, Irish comedian, Mr. Joseph  
 Murphy, will begin a new season at the  
 Haymarket Theatre next Sunday evening.  
 He will present the inimitable "Shaun  
 Rua," the tragical "Donagh," and the  
 racy "Kerry Gow" in his accustomed mas-  
 terly manner. Mr. Murphy is one of the  
 comparatively few Irish comedians who  
 do not consider it necessary to lampoon  
 their race and their native country on the  
 stage. On this account, as well as because  
 of his fine qualities as an actor, THE CITI-  
 ZEN has pleasure in bidding him *Oed  
 Mille Fadhla*.

## CHIEF JUSTICE O'BRIEN.

The Hon. James O'Brien, of Caledonia,  
 Minn., a distinguished lawyer and ex-  
 Senator of that State, has been appointed  
 Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of  
 New Mexico by President Harrison. THE  
 CITIZEN congratulates Chief Justice  
 O'Brien most heartily. He has been  
 highly honored, and he will do high  
 honor to the position which he holds.

MRS. CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN, the Irish  
 writer and poetess, daughter of the late  
 William Smith O'Brien, and the only one  
 of that admirable patriot's children who  
 inherits his principles, has become a con-  
 vert to the Catholic faith. In announcing  
 the fact she pays a high compliment to  
 the American Irish and mentions, in par-  
 ticular, Mr. William J. Onahan, of this  
 city.

CARDINAL PROCTER, brother of Pope Leo  
 XIII, died in Rome, after a brief illness,  
 last Saturday. He was a very learned  
 man and possessed much of the suavity of  
 manner which distinguishes his Holiness.

A MARSHAL of France receives only  
 29,620 francs, or a little over \$1,144 per  
 annum. A General of Division gets \$753;  
 and a Brigadier General \$503. The best  
 paid man in the army is General Saussier,  
 Military Governor of Paris, who draws,  
 including allowances for entertainments  
 as well as his salary as Grand Cross of the  
 Legion of Honor, \$1,900 annually. The  
 Commanders of Army Corps receive year-  
 ly sums averaging about \$1,500.

AMONG all the splendid gifts dispensed  
 by the generous heirs of Conrad Seipp,  
 not one has been more worthily bestowed  
 or more gratefully received than that  
 given to St. Joseph's Hospital. This ex-  
 cellent institution has ever striven to keep  
 in its useful career without the aid  
 generally sought by charitable houses.  
 No lectures or concert-singers have  
 drawn crowds for its benefit; no fair,  
 bazaar, picnic, have been organized in its  
 behalf; quietly and modestly its work has  
 gone on. All the greater honor then to  
 the generous heirs of Conrad Seipp who  
 looked widely and deeply for fitting ob-  
 jects of their bounty.

## WHO "PAT GRANT" IS.

(Special Telegram to N. Y. Herald.)

DETROIT, Mich., February 18, 1890.—When  
 Rev. Charles O'Reilly, Treasurer of the  
 Irish National League, called for an audit  
 of his books a certain Chicago paper pub-  
 lished a series of most bitter and libelous  
 articles over the signature of "Pat Grant."  
 No one knew who this "Pat Grant" was  
 and he himself admitted that the name  
 was fictitious. When the auditing com-  
 mittee met here Grant came here to at-  
 tend its sessions, and Dr. O'Reilly caused  
 his arrest for criminal libel. Grant posed  
 as a martyr, and refused to disclose his  
 identity. Hints of his being a paid agent  
 of the British government and an enemy  
 of Ireland were thrown out, and still  
 Grant maintained his silence. To-day it  
 transpired that "Pat Grant," whose real  
 name is Thomas Grant Burke, was a sub-  
 editor of the Dublin Farmer, an Irish  
 agricultural paper, over a decade ago, and  
 came to this country on a speculation.  
 He located in Washington and wrote a  
 series of articles for the English papers on  
 "The Irish-American in Politics."  
 When these ran out and his finances be-  
 came exhausted he disappeared from Wash-  
 ington and obtained a job on a rail-  
 road. He never had any prominence in  
 Irish political affairs, and made his only

capital out of the mystery that he wove  
 about his identity and the hints he threw  
 out about what he could do if he tried.

## CRITICIZING "T. O. R."

I was a good deal interested in the arti-  
 cle signed "T. O. R." that appeared in  
 your last issue. Whoever the person  
 who wrote the article may be, it is quite  
 evident that he wrote it in a hurry, for he  
 omitted some of the greatest non-Saxon  
 names in British and Irish history. I  
 think—without at all wishing to find fault  
 —that it was a pity that "T. O. R." did not  
 give a more complete list of the names of  
 persons who have reached fame in many  
 ways—in art and arms, but more espe-  
 cially in literature—and in whose veins  
 hardly a drop of Saxon or Teutonic blood  
 ever flowed. I will, therefore, take the  
 liberty of adding to the list of great names  
 given by the author of the article in ques-  
 tion.

To begin with, he should not have  
 omitted the name of Oliver Cromwell. It  
 is no matter how most of your nationality  
 justly hate the name of Cromwell—no  
 matter how cruel, cunning, and hypocrit-  
 cal he may have been, no one can deny  
 that he was one of the most remarkable  
 men that ever appeared in the annals of  
 England. That he was a bad man, I freely  
 admit, but that he was a great man, none  
 can deny. Besides he is the idol of that  
 same Saxon worshipping class of Ameri-  
 cans and Britishers against whom "T. O.  
 R.'s" indignation is so justly aroused.  
 Cromwell was born in Rutlandshire, where  
 his family had been located for many gen-  
 erations; but his name, like that of Cooley,  
 is evidently not only non-Saxon, but pure  
 Celtic. Eminent English authorities have  
 admitted this. Cromwell, Cooley, Dar-  
 win, Dickens and thousands of other En-  
 glish names, are evidently old British-  
 Celtic names, which have existed in En-  
 gland from pre-Saxon times. The Saxons,  
 no matter how complete their conquest of  
 England may have been, and in spite of  
 the fact of their having made their lan-  
 guage the dominant one throughout the  
 island, could not have changed all the  
 names of the people they subjugated.  
 Neither could they change all the place-  
 names; thousands of Celtic names of place  
 and of persons exist still in every part  
 of England, and show plainly that the  
 ancient Celtic inhabitants of that country  
 were simply conquered and not extirpated  
 by the Saxons. We have no more right to  
 suppose that the ancient British were ex-  
 tirpated by the Saxons than that the Irish  
 were extirpated by the English. The  
 artificial language of Ireland has been  
 very nearly killed; largely changed from  
 Celtic to Saxon, yet the mass of the Irish  
 people remain, to this day, overwhelmingly  
 Celtic. The conquest of England by the  
 Saxons may have been more complete  
 than that of Ireland by the English;  
 but we may be very sure that a large old-  
 British Celtic element remained in En-  
 gland that the Saxons would not and did  
 not either extirpate or kill. A list of old-  
 British Celtic names numerous enough to  
 fill a large directory, might still be found  
 in England, and Cromwell is certainly  
 one of them. When the chief city of the  
 Celts was allowed to retain its ancient  
 Celtic name, it is no wonder that the  
 names of nine tenths of the rivers and na-  
 tural objects of England still remain Cel-  
 tic. London and Dublin are names that  
 could only have originated among people  
 speaking the same or nearly the same  
 language; the first means "ship fort" and  
 the last means "black pool," and both are  
 plain, modern Gaelic.

The non-Saxon names that I would add  
 to those given in the article in your jour-  
 nal to which I refer, are Cromwell, the  
 politician and soldier; and in literature  
 and art, the great names of Campbell, By-  
 ron, Macaulay, Maclean, Shelley, O'Don-  
 ovan, O'Curry, Collins, Keats. I can not  
 conceive how your contributor could have  
 omitted the foregoing great names which  
 are, beyond a shadow of doubt, purely  
 Celtic. It is to be hoped that some of the  
 ignorant Saxon on the brain American  
 editors, of whom your correspondent  
 speaks, will see his article and feel hearti-  
 ly ashamed of themselves.

If American annals were searched, it  
 would be found that your Saxon element  
 cuts a very poor figure in them. It makes  
 me feel tired when I hear Americans  
 talking of their "great Anglo-Saxon coun-  
 try," and thereby mocking the memories  
 of such men as Sullivan, Montgomery,  
 Ethan Allen, MacDonough, Corcoran,  
 Meagher, Farragut, Meade, Sheridan and  
 Grant, not one of whom was called by an  
 Anglo-Saxon name. It is a ludicrous folly  
 mixed with no inconsiderable amount of  
 downright blackguardism.

## CELTO SAXON.

## The Irish-American Council.

The Irish-American Council of Cook  
 County will meet next Sunday afternoon,  
 at 3 o'clock, in Fitzgerald's Hall, Adams  
 and Halsted streets. Delegates from all  
 Irish societies, civil and military, will  
 attend.

## Emmet's Day.

(To the Editor.)  
SPRING VALLEY, Ill., Feb. 3.—The Em-  
 met Club of Spring Valley met in O'Con-  
 nor Kelly's Hall, on Sunday, Feb. 2,  
 to make arrangements for March 4, the one  
 hundred and eleventh anniversary of the  
 birth of Robert Emmet. The following  
 committees were appointed: Committee  
 of arrangements—Patrick Carr, James  
 Hickey, James W. Tracey, Hon. Peter  
 McCall, Michael Murphy, Prof. T. C.  
 Kohin, James J. Delaney. Committee  
 on entertainment, music and speakers—  
 Delaney, Kohin and McCall.

Something Interesting to Every Family  
 It is a fact well known to economists  
 that more money is squandered in baking  
 bread in a year than would pay the cost  
 of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredi-  
 ents, families will soon discover that it is  
 losing money. Families of workmen  
 will find it much cheaper to go to your  
 grocer and buy Bramer's "Bureka"  
 bread. This bread is made from the very  
 best Minnesota flour and pure milk from  
 his own farm. Special attention is given  
 to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has  
 its full weight, and at the cost of six cents  
 per loaf.

## "CROM ABOOI"

The War Cry of the Geraldine is  
Heard from Lincoln, Nebraska,  
to Limerick, Ireland:

John Fitzgerald, President of the Irish  
National League, Appeals to the  
People to Aid the Irish  
struggle.

He Hits Some Journalistic Heads in New-  
cast Geraldine Fashion.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 8.—President Fitz-  
gerald of the Irish National League to day  
issued the following address to that or-  
ganization:

"TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF  
THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMER-  
ICA: Since the inception of the present  
Irish movement, now nearing its hour of  
final triumph or sore defeat, the Irish ex-  
iles or their children in America have  
been the chief support and mainstay of  
the national struggle. The continuous  
financial assistance rendered by the  
United States and Canada to the people  
and leaders of Ireland has been the result  
of organization. The magnificent aggre-  
gate created by the many contribu-  
tory streams of Irish American generos-  
ity could never have been maintained had  
the movement depended on the uncer-  
tainty of spasmodic or local action. Our  
enemies have recognized the tremendous  
force of organized effort as the most potent  
aid to the Irish cause, and they are now  
exercising all their ingenuity, and utiliz-  
ing their immense resources to destroy  
and nullify its influence by trying to cre-  
ate disorganization and distrust among  
the friends of Ireland. Secret service  
money is being expended and subsidized  
agents are employed to scatter insinua-  
tions, to make false allegations, and by every  
artifice to disseminate slanders in order  
to disrupt Irish National organization in  
America.

"Be the impelling motive what it may a  
hostile press is being utilized in this coun-  
try to supplement the unscrupulous but  
defeated efforts of the London Times to  
discredit not only the national officers of  
the American League but the trusted and  
able leaders of the movement in Ireland  
whom till now you have so loyally obeyed  
and so generously supported. The Chi-  
cago Times of the 21 inst. says editor-  
ially:

"Hold no convention," is the advice to  
the executive of the National League in  
America from the gentleman over there,  
'but send us more money.' As to the  
money part that has been the cry from  
time immemorial. Since 1886 the one  
agency of the League alone has collected  
a quarter of a million of money and the  
demand is for more. Men who are living  
as members of the British parliament on  
funds raised in America and living on the  
fat of the land (or gossip does them great  
injustice) will naturally cry with the  
horse leech's daughter: 'Give! give!'

In the Chicago Herald of the same  
date we read:

"The programme of the League on  
both sides of the ocean is identical and  
unmistakable. More funds and less in-  
vestigation, is the cry everywhere. No  
convention for the last three years and  
Farnell wants none for the present. Noth-  
ing is so perfectly delightful to the free-  
handed patriots whom Ireland sends to  
this country as to lay aside their earnings  
until they accumulate enough to buy a  
draft and then blow the whole amount  
into the hands of a lot of irresponsible  
professional agitators for unknown pur-  
poses."

"BROTHER IRISHMEN—Is not this the  
language of the London Times and the  
Tory organs that for generations have  
been spitting their contempt upon every  
effort of the Irish people to ameliorate  
the condition of their country? Does it  
not seem as if the Pigot-Farnell hire-  
lings, b-fied in England, had transferred  
their vile operations to America? In this  
emergency we rely upon your manhood,  
your devotion, your common sense, not to  
be misled by Salisbury's reptile press,  
his subsidized priest reviewers and those  
stormy petrels of faction who are now  
trying to demoralize your ranks. Rest  
assured that the ignominious defeat of the  
London Times will be the fate of its puny  
imitators on this side of the Atlantic.

"The time has come to appeal to our  
better nature and to have trust and con-  
fidence in ourselves. The Irish people in  
Ireland are setting us a grand example.  
They are conducting themselves with a  
calm, a dignity, and a discipline unprece-  
dented in the annals of the human race.  
Generous as your contributions have been,  
noble as has been your sacrifices and mag-  
nificent your efforts, they are far from  
equalling under the circumstances, the  
manifestation of these qualities by the  
people in Ireland. In instance we refer  
you to the electricity with which they con-  
tributed to an inconceivably short space  
of time \$150,000 to the defense of their  
leader, in whose person the Irish nation  
was personified in the late Times forgery  
commission. We instance the magnani-  
mity with which the peasantry of Ireland  
have within the last two months raised  
\$150,000 more for the same cause, which  
is now being in turn contested upon the  
Irish hillsides.

"The Tenants' Defense Association has  
been formed, and is being maintained, to  
defeat the last despairing effort of Irish  
landlordism. This insatiable octopus,  
which has so long fastened itself upon the  
Irish and fed itself upon the blood of the  
Irish people, has at last been brought to  
gaze in terror upon imminent doom. The  
Irish landlords recognize that their  
tenure of property, founded in robbery  
and maintained by tyranny, is nearing its  
end. Forced sales of their estates is now  
a living issue contested by the two great  
English parties. The vital question of the  
hour is, which party shall anticipate the  
other in the framing of an Irish land bill  
designed to give peasant proprietary to the  
people? The law of eminent domain is  
undoubtedly going to be invoked, and the

price of the estates must be de-  
termined on the annual rental accruing  
from their use. The landlords hope to  
sell at a fictitious exorbitant figure upon  
the showing of a rackrent roll. Our peo-  
ple have wisely discerned the cunning of  
this movement, and bravely determined  
to thwart it at any cost. To this end the  
tenants of Louth, Cork, Tipperary, and  
other counties are making common cause  
and are going forth from their holdings,  
leaving the estates to present a valuation  
approximate to their real worth accord-  
ing to existing prices of agricultural  
produce.

"These tenants who are thus heroically  
surrendering the accumulations of years  
of toil and economy in the common cause  
of nationality deserve to be sustained.  
Will we refuse them succor in their most  
generous sacrifice on the altar of liberty?  
Most of us have had cruel experience of  
the iniquitous system of land tenure in  
Ireland, and no instructive words of mine  
are needed to apprise you of the crucial  
exigency of the hour. I look to you con-  
fidently to move to the support of your  
kith and kindred in their gallant struggle  
against the famine breeding system of  
Irish landlordism. Looking back upon  
their noble past, what think you would  
not the Irish people do for us were our  
situations reversed? Remember with  
what promptness poor starving Ireland  
contributed from her poverty to the relief  
of the stricken victims of the Johnstown  
flood. Gratitude is a virtue indigenous  
to the Irish disposition and indwelling in  
the Irish heart. The might that you con-  
tribute to your bread cast upon the  
waters, of which you may securely antici-  
pate a return. Therefore, I exhort you in  
your individual and associated capacities  
to make one more effort for Irish freedom.  
Let every branch of the League re-assem-  
ble itself and let every individual deter-  
mine to do his part.

"Your indefatigable treasurer has shown  
to the world a manifestation of honesty  
and economy that disarms criticism and  
excites enthusiasm. We need not assure  
you that every contribution will be  
faithfully delivered to its rightful destina-  
tion from his clean and trusted hands. Be  
not dismayed by your limited capacity to  
contribute. The 25 cents have been as  
faithfully entered upon his books as the  
\$10,000 remittances. Anonymous con-  
tributions have been impossible to answer,  
but have been no less carefully credited.  
Of this our auditing committee are unim-  
peachable witnesses. If, therefore, there  
lives in your heart a love for Ireland; if a  
generous inspiration still animates you  
for the people at home; if the brave tradi-  
tions of your name and race still abide  
with you, of all of which I have no doubt  
I feel sure you will not flinch in the contest  
—now that the closing fight is upon us.

"A general election in Great Britain is  
impending. With us are marshaled the  
liberal hosts of England, Wales and Scot-  
land, led by the grand old man whose  
marvelous vigor is sustained by the in-  
spired consciousness of coming victory.  
Farnell, the sagacious and unwavering  
leader, maintains unshakable his touch  
upon the minds and hearts of our devoted  
people. Sacrifices will be demanded of  
them and we must meet this supreme  
emergency, so as to preserve and even strength-  
en the integrity of Irish representation in  
the British parliament. Two years at the  
most, and possibly two months, will bring  
us face to face with this crisis. In this  
the last order that your patriotism may  
be called upon to undergo we ourselves,  
the liberal masses of Great Britain, and  
the people of Ireland confidently rely  
upon you. Therefore, I entreat you, as  
honest, loyal supporters of the cause of  
Ireland, eschewing all local issues, ig-  
noring all distinctions of American national  
politics, to rally in your integrity and as-  
sociate in your might, and again give us  
practical evidence of your devotion to the  
dear old land.

"All remittances sent to the national  
treasurer from branches of the League  
now in existence, or that may be formed,  
and all subscriptions from individuals  
will be directly acknowledged and duly  
credited to the contributors. The secur-  
ing of the national convention we have  
anxiously desired is presently postponed  
by Mr. Farnell and the Irish leaders. In  
view of this postponement and for the  
transaction of important business the na-  
tional executive committee is summoned  
to meet at St. Louis, Wednesday, April  
16, 1890. Yours respectfully,  
JOHN FITZGERALD, President."

## OBITUARY.

## MR. JOHN HOGAN.

Mr. John Hogan, No. 397 West Indiana  
street, lately Secretary of the County  
Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians,  
died of pneumonia at his residence on the  
8th inst. He was a veteran of the Union  
army and was a member of Thomas Post  
of the Grand Army of the Republic. Mr.  
Hogan was a sincere friend of Ireland,  
the land of his birth. He leaves behind  
him a wife and four young children, who  
are, by his death, left without a provider.  
Deceased was in his forty-fourth year.  
He enjoyed good health up to the time of his  
fatal attack. The funeral occurred on the  
10th inst., from the house to St. Colum-  
bkille's church, and thence by car, via  
Chicago & Northwestern railroad, to Cal-  
vary, where the remains were laid to rest.

## BABY HURLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. T.D. Hurley have suffered  
the loss of their infant child, who died a  
few days ago of the prevailing epidemic.  
The young couple have the sincere sym-  
pathy of their many friends in this city  
and elsewhere.

## MR. JAMES DWYER.

Mr. James Dwyer, husband of Mrs.  
Johanna Dwyer, nee Barrow, and brother  
of Mrs. Michael Ryan, Mrs. Michael Star-  
rett, and Mrs. C. K. Ryan, and brother-in-  
law of Mrs. T. O'Hara and Mrs. D. Bur-  
dick, died at his residence, No. 543  
Twenty-sixth street, on Tuesday morning,  
of pneumonia. Mr. Dwyer was a good  
and true Irishman, and THE CITIZEN ex-  
tends its sympathy to his bereaved family  
in their affliction.

## MRS. MARY JACKSON GUERIN.

Mrs. Mary Jackson Guerin, wife of Dr.  
John Guerin, of this city, died at the fam-  
ily residence, No. 4440 Michigan avenue,  
on the 9th inst., in the 43rd year of her age.  
All that medical science could bring to  
bear upon her case was tried in vain. Mrs.  
Guerin was a most estimable and highly  
cultivated lady, and her death is a supreme  
affliction not alone to her husband and  
children, but to all her kindred. She is  
also greatly lamented by the very wide  
circle of friends who will long miss her  
gracious presence in social life. The fun-  
eral occurred on Wednesday morning from  
the residence to St. Elizabeth's church, of

which the amiable deceased was a promi-  
nent member. High mass of requiem  
was offered up for the repose of her soul.  
The attendance at the obsequies was ex-  
ceptionally large. At the conclusion of  
the religious services, the honored relics  
were escorted to Calvary cemetery by an  
immense cortege. Dr. Guerin and his  
children have the sincerest sympathy of  
all their friends and acquaintances in  
their sad and irreparable affliction.

## FUNERAL OF MR. DORE.

The obsequies of Mr. E. F. Dore, an old  
resident of Chicago, and a prominent busi-  
ness man, who died rather suddenly in  
Paris recently, occurred at St. James'  
Catholic church on Thursday morning at  
10 o'clock. Requiem high mass was  
offered up by the Rev. Father McGuire,  
celebrant; Rev. Father McDonald, deacon,  
and Father McCann as sub-deacon.  
Among the other clergymen present in  
the sanctuary were the Rev. Dr. Butler  
and the Rev. Father Egan. There was a  
very large attendance. Deceased was  
brother-in-law of Mr. James J. Egan, the  
well known architect.

## JAMES LEMLE BREMER.

James Lemle Bremer, infant son of  
Edward A. Bremer, and grandson of  
Mrs. B. Bremer, No. 4440 Ellis avenue,  
died on the 8th inst., after a brief illness.  
The funeral, which was private, occurred  
on the morning of the 10th inst., and the  
interment was at Calvary. The baby was  
the first born of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bremer,  
and they feel their early bereave-  
ment most keenly. Their grief is shared  
by the little one's grandmother and the  
other members of the family.

## MRS. M. HARRIS.

THE CITIZEN regrets to learn of the  
affliction that has come upon its old  
and valued friend Mr. M. Harris, of De Lough-  
ary, Mich., in the death of his mother,  
Mrs. M. Harris, of Republic, Mich. The  
deceased lady was gifted with the sterling  
virtues of the fine old stock whence she  
sprang, and though her age had passed  
well beyond the scriptural limit of three  
score and ten, yet the freshness of her  
heart and her beautiful edifying life were  
such that her loss to her family and  
friends will be an enduring one. In her  
last illness she was attended daily by her  
pastor, was perfectly happy and recon-  
ciled, and truly proved that as we live so  
shall we die.

Mrs. Harris was the widow of the re-  
spected teacher of the Ballyduff schools,  
county Waterford, Ireland, who died in  
1868, leaving her with a large family. Of  
the ten children five, all prosperously cir-  
cumstanced, survive her. They are: Geo.  
Michael Harris, De Loughary; John Harris,  
De Loughary; De Loughary; John Harris,  
Berk River; Mrs. Bridget Lynch and  
Mrs. Annie Corbett, Republic. These  
were all present at the funeral this week,  
and saw her laid to her long rest in the  
cemetery at Republic.

## MRS. BRIDGET POWER.

The funeral ceremony of the late Mrs.  
Bridget Power, who died at her residence,  
No. 418 West Congress street, took place  
at St. Patrick's church on Friday, Feb. 7.  
Rev. D. J. McCreary celebrated requiem  
mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers Corcoran,  
Galligan, and Scallan. The Rev. Father  
Galligan preached the funeral sermon,  
during which he paid the highest tribute  
to the fine character of the departed lady.  
Mrs. Power was born in the parish of  
Knockbride, county Cavan, Ireland. She  
was an old resident of Chicago, a parish-  
ioner of St. Patrick's church for the last  
twenty years. A true wife, a good mother,  
a staunch friend, and an ardent Catholic,  
she nobly fulfilled the mission for which  
God created her. She left as a heritage to  
her children—not gold, houses or lands,  
but something far dearer to them, a name  
which is the synonym of virtue and  
charity. J. C.

## THE FIGHTING BEREAFORDS.

Now one of them won the Victoria  
Cross.

Archibald Forbes, the famous war cor-  
respondent, has a stirring sketch of "Bill,"  
alias Lord William Bereaford, in the En-  
glish Illustrated Magazine. "Like his  
brother, Lord Charles, the famous Cap-  
tain of the Concorde, and, indeed, like all  
of his fighting family, this Bereaford is a  
man of absolute fearlessness. That he has  
the other Irish traits of good humor and  
self-sacrifice is shown in Forbes' story of  
his exploits when ambushed by Zulus,  
Sir Redvers Buller was in command, and  
Bereaford with a band of scouts was per-  
suing a body of the enemy. Suddenly,  
from out a deep, sharply-cut watercourse  
crossing the plain and invisible at 200  
yards' distance, sprang up a long line of  
Zulus, some 2,000 strong, confronting at  
once and flanking the horsemen. Simul-  
taneously the whole plain around of Zulus  
flashed up into vivid life. Hordes of Zulus  
had been lying hidden in the long grass.  
Buller's alert eye had caught the impend-  
ing danger, and his voice had rung out  
the command "Retire" ere yet the bullets  
of the sudden Zulu volley whistled  
through and over his command. Three  
men went down smitten by the fire. Two  
were killed on the spot and never stirred;  
we found their bodies next day shockingly  
mangled. The third man's horse  
slipped up in the abrupt turn, and his  
rider for the moment lay stunned. But  
Bereaford, riding away behind his re-  
treating party, looked back at this latter  
man, and saw him move up into a sitting  
posture.

He who would succor in such a crisis  
must not only be a brave man, but also a  
prompt man, quick to decide and as quick  
to act. The issue of life or death hangs  
at such a time on the gain or waste of a  
moment. The Zulus, darting out from  
the watercourse, were perilously close to  
the poor fellow; but Bereaford, used on  
the race course to measuring distance  
with the eye, thought he might do it if he  
were smart and lucky. Galloping back  
to the wounded man, he dismounted and  
ordered him to get on his pony. The  
wounded man, dazed as he was, even in  
his extremity, was not less full of self-  
abnegation than was the man who was  
risking his life in the effort to save his.  
He bade Bereaford remount and go; why,  
he said, in his simple manly logic, why  
should two die when death is inevitable  
to one? Then it was that the quiet  
resourceful humor of his race supplied  
Bereaford with the weapon that prevailed  
over the wounded man's unselfishness.

The recording angel perhaps did not  
record the oath that buttressed his threat-

ening men when he swore with clenched  
fist that he would punch the wounded  
man's head if he did not allow his life to  
be saved. This drill argument prevailed.  
Bill partly lifted, partly hustled the man  
into his saddle, then scrambled up some  
how in front of him, and set the good lit-  
tle beast galloping after the other horsemen.  
He only just did it; another moment's  
delay and both must have been assailed.  
As it was the swift-footed Zulus chased  
them up the slope and the least mistake  
made by the pony must have been fatal.  
Indeed, as Bereaford was the first grate-  
fully to admit, there was a critical mo-  
ment when their escape would have been  
impossible but for the cool courage of  
Sergeant O'Toole, who rode back to the re-  
scue, shot down Zulu after Zulu with his  
revolver as they tried to close in on the  
rather helpless pair, and then aided Bere-  
aford in keeping the wounded man in the  
saddle until the safety of the latter was  
attained. There was danger right up till  
then; for the hordes of Zulus obstinately  
hung on the flanks and rear of Buller's  
command, and the irregulars had over-  
and over again to shoot men down at close  
quarters with the revolver; more than  
once the fighting was hand to hand and  
they had to club their rifles. If the Zulus  
had kept to their weapon, the assault, the  
loss among Buller's men would have been  
very severe; but they had extensively  
armed themselves with rifles that had  
fallen into their hands at Isandlwana,  
with the proper handling of which they  
were unfamiliar. They pursued right up  
to their own bank of the Unvalosini, and  
blazed away at our fellows long after the  
river was between them and us. Of  
course, cumbered with a wounded and  
fainting man occupying his saddle while  
he perched on the pommel, Bereaford  
was unable to do anything toward self-  
protection, and over and over again on  
the return ride he and the man behind  
him were in desperate straits, and but for  
O'Toole and other comrades must have  
gone down. When they alighted in the  
langer you could not have told whether it  
was rescuer or rescued who was the  
wounded man, so smeared was Bereaford  
with borrowed blood. It was one of Ire-  
land's good days, if at home she is the  
"distressful country," wherever bold  
deeds are to be done and military honors  
to be won no nation carries the head  
higher out of the dust."

## IRISH OFFICERS.

A Large Number of Them in the Revolu-  
tionary Army.

In regard to the question of the Irish in  
the Continental Army we can take up the  
Army Register. Unfortunately, Hamers-  
ley's Complete Army and Navy Register  
begins only in 1779, and some officers who  
served and fell between 1776 and 1778,  
like Montgomery, do not appear. Yet  
here we find Major-General John Sullivan,  
Brigadier-General James Clinton, Anthony  
Wayne, George Clinton, Edward Hand,  
James Hoggan, in the Bappers and Miners,  
Capt. Nevins, Lieut. Welsh; in the Artillery,  
Capt. Joseph Rice, Patrick Duffy,  
Lieut. Matthew McGuire, James Norris;  
Third Virginia Light Dragoons, Cornets  
B. Hart and Edward Connor, Surgeon  
Michael Barry; Fourth Light Dragoons,  
Col. Stephen Moylan, Lieut. E. Gill, John  
Sullivan; Palisades Legion, Capt. O'Neill;  
Second Legion, Lieut. Patrick Carna and  
P. Neal; First New Hampshire, Lieut.  
Matthew McCauley, Thos. Blake; Third  
New Hampshire, Major James Norris,  
Ensign E. McGaffey; Third Massachusetts,  
Col. John Greston; Fourth Massa-  
chusetts, Ensign L. Brady; Fifth Massa-  
chusetts, Capt. Daniel Shays, Lieut. Peter  
Wahala, Ensign John Blake; Ninth Mas-  
sachusetts, Lieut. Richard Walsh, Ensign  
O'Brien; Eleventh Massachusetts, Ensign  
W. McKenney; Thirteenth Massachusetts,  
Lieut. John Phelan; First Con-  
necticut, Ensign William Higgins;  
Fifth Connecticut, Col. P. B. Bradley,  
Capt. J. Lucy; Third New York, Lieut.  
Michael Connolly; First New Jersey,  
Ensign John Geary; Third New Jersey,  
Major John Conway, Lieut. Ephraim  
Darby; First Pennsylvania Rifles, Lieut.  
John McCrellan, Thomas Boyd, John  
Hughes, James McFarland, Henry Mc-  
Cormick; Second Pennsylvania, Colonel  
Walter Stewart, Capt. John Patterson,  
John Irwin, Thomas Norton; Third  
Pennsylvania, Major Thomas L. Boyle,  
Capt. Thomas Butler, John Reilly, Geo.  
McCall, Lieut. John Boyd, Ensign A.  
Kenny; Fourth Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col.  
Will Butler, Capt. John McGovern; Fifth  
Pennsylvania, Capt. Michael Ryan, Lieut.  
James McCullough; Sixth Pennsylvania,  
Col. Robert McGaw, Capt. John Doyle,  
Lieut. Thomas Doyle, Philip Gibbons,  
Ensign Thomas Dungan; Seventh Penn-  
sylvania, Capt. S. Montgomery, Andrew  
Irwin, Lieut. S. Kennedy, John Hughes,  
Lieut. Col. Morgan Connor, Eighth Penn-  
sylvania, Capt. James Carnahan, Joseph  
Finley, John Finley, Samuel Brady, Lieut.  
B. Neillie; Ninth Pennsylvania, Col.  
Richard Butler, Major Thomas L. Moore,  
Capt. Joseph McClellan, Lieut. John Mc-  
Kinney, Ensign Edward Butler; Tenth  
Pennsylvania, Lieut. William McMurray;  
Ensign Robert Rice; Eleventh Pennsylv-  
ania, Capt. I. Sweeney, Henry Carbury,  
Lieut. John Mahon; Delaware Regiment,  
Lieut. Henry Duff, Edward Roche; Sec-  
ond Maryland, Capt. Richard Grace; Fourth  
Maryland, Ensign John McGuire; Fifth  
Maryland, Capt. Will Reilly; Sixth Mary-  
land, Capt. John Lynch; Sixth Maryland,  
Ensign E. Moran; Seventh Maryland,  
Ensign Patrick Donnelly; Second Vir-  
ginia, Lieut. John Fitzgerald, William  
ginal, Lieut. John Virginia, Col. John Nev-  
ille, Lieut. Peter Higgins, W. D. Kelly,  
Lieut. Martin Carey; Eighth Virginia,  
Capt. B. Casey, P. Neville; Tenth Vir-  
ginia, Lieut. Luke Cannon; First North  
Carolina, Ensign Robert Hays; First  
Carolina, Ensign Col. James Hoggan; Lieut.  
James Powers, A. Hart, Ensign Robert  
James Connell; Second Canada, Capt. John  
Hughes; Warner's Regiment, Lieut.  
Michael Dunning; Jackson's Regiment,  
Lieut. Patrick Phelan, Ensign Will Phelan;  
Webb's Regiment, Lieut. John  
Reilly.

Here is a list of officers of Irish blood  
in the Army Register for two years out of  
the seven that the Revolution lasted. If  
you take up the roster of any regiment  
you find private and non-commissioned  
officers of the Irish race greater in num-  
ber in proportion to the whole strength  
than the officers of Irish blood to the  
whole body of officers.—John Gilmary  
Shaw, LL.D., in Haverly's Illustrated  
Almanac.

## ON THE STOCKS.

Mr. Finerty's Volume Dealing With his  
Personal Experience in Indian Warfare  
Will Soon be on the Market.

THE CITIZEN will be able to announce  
next week, or, at the farthest, the week  
following, the terms at which Mr. Fin-  
erty's volume on Indian warfare will be  
offered to the public. The details of pub-  
lication are always slow, and that fact ex-  
plains the delay in this connection.  
Nearly all authors are disposed to be  
careful, and all who have had experience  
in the matter of authorship know that it  
is the part of wisdom to "make haste  
slowly." Mr. Finerty has already received  
from innumerable sources, civil as well as  
military, assurances that his forthcoming  
volume will have a very large sale. He  
has, without even issuing a circular, re-  
ceived many orders, and the interest man-  
ifested in the yet unborn publication  
greatly encourages him. The book will  
give a full account of Mr. Finerty's per-  
sonal experiences in the field, as war  
correspondent for the Chicago Times, dur-  
ing the great Sioux war of 1876, con-  
ducted by Generals Crook and Terry,  
in which General Custer and his imme-  
diate command perished, and which ter-  
minated the year following in the sur-  
render of the war chief, Crazy Horse, with  
the main body of the hostiles; and also  
of Gen. Miles' expedition against Sitting  
Bull's band in Northern Montana, during  
the summer of 1879. As correspondent  
in the field for the Chicago Times, the ed-  
itor of THE CITIZEN was an eye-witness of  
both campaigns, and his volume will con-  
tain an authentic account of those stirring  
scenes which made the years mentioned  
memorable in American history. The  
march, the camp, the bivouac, the buffalo  
hunt, the battle, the scout and the skir-  
mish, will give a variety of adventure  
such as no experience of civilized warfare  
could furnish. As those two wars virtually  
terminated the stubbornly held power of  
the warlike Sioux tribes in the great West  
their history cannot fail to be interesting  
to every officer and enlisted man of the  
United States Army, and also to the  
American people at large. It will be the  
aim of the writer to keep alive his read-  
ers' interest in the narrative, without de-  
viating from military exactness. In order,

however, to satisfy the demands of the  
purely military reader, and, at the same  
time avoid dryness in the body of the  
volume, he will publish, in the form of an  
appendix, such official documents bearing  
on the campaigns in question as may be  
of importance.

The writer also accompanied the column  
of Gen. Merritt, which went to the rescue  
of the survivors of Maj. Thornburgh's de-  
tachment on Milk river, Colorado, in the  
fall of 1879, when the Ute Indians rose  
in rebellion and murdered their agent  
and his assistants; and he was with Gen.  
Eugene A. Carr, when that officer cam-  
paigned against the White Mountain  
Apaches, who had murdered Capt. Hestig  
and some soldiers of the Sixth Cavalry in  
the Cibola valley, Arizona, in 1881. But  
these latter experiences, if compiled with  
Sioux campaigns, would make too bulky a  
volume, and their publication will be a  
matter for future action.

A good deal has been written in "drib-  
ble and drabs," as it were, of Indian cam-  
paigning in several of our territories, and  
much of it has been highly interesting;  
but the work now in course of preparation  
will have the advantage of having been  
written—the foundation of it, at least—in  
the very midst of the scenes and incidents  
which it will describe. There will be no  
attempt at picturesque exaggeration, be-  
cause, in all truth, the experiences of the  
Sioux war excelled anything that the  
human imagination could create. There-  
fore, whatever merit the book may pos-  
sess will be due quite as much to the op-  
portunities of the author as to his qualifi-  
cations as a historian.

## Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice,  
having had placed in his hands by an  
East India missionary the formula of a  
simple vegetable remedy for the speedy  
and permanent cure of Consumption,  
Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other  
throat and Lung Affections, also a pos-  
itive and radical cure for Nervous Debility  
and all other Nervous Complaints, after  
having tested its wonderful curative  
powers in thousands of cases, has felt it  
his duty to make it known to his suffer-  
ing fellows. Actuated by this motive and  
a desire to relieve human suffering, I will  
send free of charge, to all who desire it,  
this recipe, with full directions for preparing  
and using. Sent by mail by addressing  
with stamp, naming this paper. W. A.  
NORMAN, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

# H. R. EAGLE

## WE BOUGHT AT A BIG BARGAIN

### 2,300 DOZEN GALLON CANS

# APPLES!

Curtis Bros., Monroe County Brand, which is a Guarantee of  
the Quality. We will share this with our friends and  
make you price of  
**10 CTS A CAN.**  
\$1.40 per Dozen. They will sell fast. Don't Delay Ordering.

**H. R. EAGLE & CO.,**  
GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AVE.

## THE 112TH ANNIVERSARY

### Of the Birth of

# ROBERT EMMET

### GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

## Irish Nationalists of Chicago,

### AT

# Central Music Hall,

### STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS,

## TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1890.

HON. M. P. BRADY will preside.  
HON. THOMAS BRENNAN, of Omaha, Neb., and the REV. DR. CLAMPITT,  
of Springfield, Ill., will address the meeting.  
Song, MISS MARY BRADDOCK. Recitation, MR. EDWARD HAYES.  
Banjo Solo, MESSRS. BURNS BROS. and McBRIDE. Recitation, MISS ALICE  
HIGGINS. EXCELSIOR QUARTETTE. Banjo Solo, MESSRS. T. JONES.  
G. E. H. F. BYRNE, and ARTHUR McLANE. Song, MR. J. J. PHELAN. Recita-  
tion, MISS CAREY. Song, J. C. V. BANCROFT and MISS CULLINANE. Bag  
Pipes, BARNEY DELANEY, and other local talent will participate.

**TICKETS - - - 50 CENTS.**  
Tickets Exchanged for Reserved Seats at Box Office three days previous to  
Entertainment.

## CROSS CURRENTS.

"You are such a very independent creature."

"I am not a creature, but an able bodied woman, with all my wits about me. Why should I make believe to be the weak kneed specimen of feminine foolishness that is your ideal woman?"

"Oh, never mind me, do just as you like," cried Mr. Bartlett, testily, as a voice from the inner room called, "What are you two quarreling about now?"

"It is only Mr. Bartlett talking nonsense, mother," said Agnes, gayly; "he thinks I can't go up to town for a day's shopping without a chaperon."

"Is that all? Why, my dear Gus, Agnes always goes about alone. Indeed, there is no one to go with her, so she has to, she has never come to any harm yet," and Mrs. Oldham looked up appealingly from her sofa.

Mr. Bartlett promptly subsided, as he always did, when any remark of his had brought Mrs. Oldham's poverty into full view. Neither Agnes nor her mother ever troubled themselves about the narrowness of their income, but it was a painful subject to Gus, who would willingly have shared his abundance with them. He returned to the charge an hour later, when he and Agnes were out in the garden.

"You might let me come with you to-morrow," he said, persuasively; "I could see you over the crossings, at any rate."

"Oh, the policeman! You are doing, answered Agnes, merrily. "You are trying to know what I do with myself, of course, but I don't mean to encourage you in inquisitive habits, so I shall go alone."

"I wish to goodness you had some one to look after you," growled the young man. "Don't you think, for your mother's sake, you could put up with me?" he went on, in a pleading tone.

"That is either the third or fourth time that you have proposed to me in the last month," said Miss Oldham, calmly. "If you do it again before Christmas I will have you bound over to keep the peace."

"I wish you would not chaff a fellow so. I am quite in earnest."

"So am I! I may marry some day, but it, perhaps I ought to say he, won't be you. So be a sensible boy, Gus, and leave off sentiment. It does not suit your figure," and Agnes laughed, mischievously.

Gus was used to snubbing, and bore it with a fair amount of fortitude. He and Agnes had been playfellows since childhood, and he had, as he thought, fallen in love with her on his return from Oxford. He had lately got into a habit of proposing or half proposing to her after every one of her numerous squabbles, and always met with the same laughing but unqualified refusal. Agnes looked on him as a brother, and was extremely fond of him, but Gus Barton was not the sort of man to inspire a clever, practical woman with any very deep affection, and she could never even take his devotion seriously, which was depressing for Gus.

"Florrie, allow me to introduce our squire, Mr. Augustus Bartlett of that ilk—Miss Marsh, Gus!" and Agnes finished the introduction with a sweeping courtesy.

Mr. Bartlett looked distressed. "I did not know you were bringing a friend down," he said, "and I've only got the dog cart here. I suppose you had better drive, and let me walk," he added.

"Should you be very much surprised if you heard that the greengrocer's cart is waiting for Miss Marsh's luggage?" cried Agnes. "I would have told you she was coming, only you were so disagreeable yesterday. We can pack in the dog cart all right," and so they did.

Gus invariably met Agnes at the station when she returned from her visits to London, but on this occasion he was much astonished, for she had never brought a friend back with her before, and this friend was both pretty and charming. She very much enlivened the evening at the cottage, whither Gus strolled as usual after dinner, and, generally speaking, made a good impression on her friends; but for all that Mr. Bartlett was not quite happy in her society. He could not help thinking that there must be something uncanny in her sudden appearance, or else (and this brilliant idea rather took his fancy) Agnes had brought her down for him to fall in love with.

"Just as if anything, or anybody, could make me give up Aggie!" he thought to himself as he went home. "It would serve her right if I did have a little flirtation;" then, as a brilliant idea struck him, "I declare, I'll ask Nugent down, and he can look after Miss Marsh while I take care of Aggie." Which determination was promptly acted on, for Gus wrote a letter that night, and sent it off by early post as soon as he came down the following morning.

"What do you think of our squire, Flo?"

"Fine, well grown young man, with a restful absence of ideas," answered Miss Marsh, carelessly.

"He has some ideas, but they are mainly practical," said Agnes. "He is an excellent landlord, besides being a dear good boy, but he certainly is not brilliant."

"How does he come to reign all alone in this forlorn way?" inquired Florrie. "Has he no belongings?"

"None to speak of. His mother died when he was a baby, his father three years ago. I think mamma looked after him more than any one else, though he has some aunts and cousins. He and I are just like brother and sister."

"That must be rather pleasant, as you have no proper brother. Why, surely, that is he coming up the lane? And there is some one with him! Fancy finding two young men in a country village like this!"

Miss Marsh had been at the cottage three days, and was enjoying the fresh country air thoroughly; and having a keen interest in her fellow creatures, she had been studying Gus because there was no one else to study. Now her attention was distracted by the new comers,

who was, indeed, a very agreeable and interesting specimen of humanity.

Richard Nugent had been at college with Gus, but had been far more successful in the schools, and less in the cricket grounds, than his friend. Now he was a hard working London curate, while Gus was enjoying the less laborious position of a wealthy country gentleman, but their friendship was as great as ever.

"Mrs. Oldham, will you come up to the Grange to-morrow?" said Gus one afternoon, as he lay on the grass at her feet. "Nugent and I want to have some tennis with the girls, and you can look on and chaperon."

"Very well, I will come with pleasure, but you must send the pony carriage for me, you know."

"Of course; send for you and send you back. You will stay to dinner, won't you?"

"You must consult the girls about that," said Mrs. Oldham, "for I have an idea that they may be busy; they are reading together a good deal, you know."

"Miss Marsh went in to write letters, didn't she? I don't know where Agnes has gone," remarked the young man, rising from his lazy attitude and looking about him. "Oh, there she is, with Nugent, right at the end of the field. How can people be so energetic this weather?"

Agnes and Mr. Nugent did not seem to find the heat oppressive; they were strolling quietly along the shady side of the field, talking, and were so much interested in their conversation that it was quite a long time before they returned to the lawn. Agnes was hearing of a world that was new and strange to her, but which seemed the exact thing she had desired for years.

In the quiet village there was but little for an energetic woman to do; but the life Mr. Nugent spoke of had opportunities for every one. Real hard self denying labor among the poor, depressing at times, but cheered and lightened by the fellow feeling of many workers, all struggling towards a noble and worthy aim, was the very work she would have chosen had the choice been given her. Now she heard of it from one of the workers, and her face glowed with enthusiasm as she listened, while Mr. Nugent could not help longing to have such ready sympathy and appreciation near him to soothe and cheer him in the troubles and disappointments which were a necessary accompaniment of the work.

"Why don't you come to London and work with us, Miss Oldham?" he asked. "You have strength and energy. Why waste them on trifles when you might be doing real good with them?"

"I don't think my mother could live in London," said the girl, slowly, "and we could not afford it, either. But I shall work some day, and meanwhile, I dare say, it is good to have to exercise patience. And I am young enough as yet," she added, with a smile, as they returned to the lawn to join the others.

The afternoon at the Grange was a success. Mrs. Oldham sat in a low chair under a great cedar tree, and enjoyed herself quietly; indeed, the view and the sight of the four merry young people was pleasure enough for her. The tennis court was a very good one, and Gus and Florrie played Mr. Nugent and Agnes with great effect. When they were tired Florrie insisted on being taken all over the house, and gave the master of it intense pleasure by the interest she took in his old pictures, china, furniture and curios generally.

"You can't think what a pleasure this is to me!" she said, when they were examining some exquisite wood carving in the library. "We London people live in stucco houses, and buy our artistic properties in Regent street, but here they are all growing, so to speak."

"Everything here has grown with the place, if that is what you mean," replied Gus. "There is nothing modern, and everything has a history. My people have lived here since Queen Elizabeth's time, and though we aren't either rich or clever, at any rate we are not mushrooms."

"Why should you be rich?" asked Florrie. "If you were a millionaire this house would not be grand enough for you, and you would spoil it by altering it, whereas now it is perfect."

Gus was pleased. He loved his home and all his ancestral treasures heartily. He loved all the old associations which had grown up in the 300 years since the Grange was built, and he was well aware that there were few families in England who could boast of such a line of worthy gentlemen as those from whom he was descended. Agnes did not care for any of these things, and was at that moment having a long conversation with Mr. Nugent about the evil results of foreign immigration in the east of London, a subject which interested her, but which Gus simply did not understand. He was satisfied if his tenants and laborers were well housed and fairly prosperous (and it must be owned that he was an admirable landlord), but the distress he did not see had no pathos for him; it was no business of his, and he lacked the imagination which brought it all vividly before the energetic couple under the cedar tree.

That evening Agnes stood at her window and looked out on the peaceful moonlit fields, and longed to be in the busy human hive she had been hearing about. Then her face dimpled into a merry smile.

"Dear old Gus!" she said, "he has fallen into the trap, and they will be thoroughly happy. I don't think I know any one so fitted to be his wife as Flo."

Meanwhile Mr. Bartlett was thinking what a very successful day it had been, and how nice it was to get Agnes up to the Grange; and it never dawned on his innocent mind that he had not exchanged a dozen words with her the whole afternoon.

"So you really go to-morrow," said Gus, as he and his friend sat smoking, the last evening of Mr. Nugent's holiday. "We shall miss you very much, old fellow, but you must come again."

"I should like it above everything," was Mr. Nugent's answer. "If I can get away for a few days in the winter, will you have me?"

Released from Prison.

JOLIET, Ill., Feb. 10.—Adam Ochs, J. E. Van Pelt, Harry Varnell, Michael Leyden, and Mike Wasserman, the Cook county, Ill., commissioners, convicted of bootlegging and sentenced to prison for two years, were released Monday, their time having expired.

"We shall have work enough, and to spare," he told her, when the momentous question had been answered, "but you will not fear that; will you, my darling?"

To which Agnes answered something about working with him, which cannot be publicly repeated.—M. Payne Smith.

Released from Prison.

JOLIET, Ill., Feb. 10.—Adam Ochs, J. E. Van Pelt, Harry Varnell, Michael Leyden, and Mike Wasserman, the Cook county, Ill., commissioners, convicted of bootlegging and sentenced to prison for two years, were released Monday, their time having expired.

"We shall have work enough, and to spare," he told her, when the momentous question had been answered, "but you will not fear that; will you, my darling?"

To which Agnes answered something about working with him, which cannot be publicly repeated.—M. Payne Smith.

Released from Prison.

JOLIET, Ill., Feb. 10.—Adam Ochs, J. E. Van Pelt, Harry Varnell, Michael Leyden, and Mike Wasserman, the Cook county, Ill., commissioners, convicted of bootlegging and sentenced to prison for two years, were released Monday, their time having expired.

"Shall be delighted; come as soon as you can, and stay as long as you can. One thing you must come for, and I hope it is not very far distant now," proceeded Mr. Bartlett, with something very like a blush.

"What is that?"

"My wedding!"

"My dear boy, I'm delighted to hear it, but I don't know that you had got to that point yet," cried the clergyman, who had watched his friend's intercourse with Miss Marsh with strong approval.

"Well, that's the thing! I don't know what comes over girls, but though I have asked her half a dozen times, she has not said 'Yes' yet," replied the unconscious Gus.

"You have certainly lost no time," said his friend; "perhaps she thinks she ought to know you better."

"I don't know how she is to do that, considering that we have known each other all our lives, and lived close to each other, too."

"But she only came here just before I did," exclaimed Mr. Nugent, "or I am mistaken. Don't you mean Miss Marsh?"

A sudden light glowed on Gus' face; then faded as rapidly as it had come. "No! I don't mean Miss Marsh," he said slowly. "I never thought about her; I have always intended to marry Agnes."

It was Mr. Nugent's turn to look puzzled. "I am glad you told me that," he said, "for I was entirely mistaken. I thought from your manner with her that you cared for Miss Marsh, not Miss Oldham; and it was just as well, perhaps, that you undeceived me."

"I won't spoil the dear lad's happiness," he thought, an hour later, when he was alone; "and yet, who would have guessed it? I thought she was free, and that he cared for the other girl. I suppose she was only civil to me because I am his friend, and he betook himself to bed, and after a night's tossing and tumbling, went back to London by the earliest possible train, without taking a formal farewell of the ladies of the Cottage."

Agnes was angry, very angry; she had been most cavalierly treated, as she considered, and longed for some one on whom to vent her ire.

"What did he mean by running away without even a word of thanks for the civility they had shown him? He must have thought she was making eyes at him—just as if she cared a fig about him, or looked upon him from any other point of view than that of a guide to the East of London! How horribly conceited men were! Oh, there comes Gus! He might have left us alone for one day, and she went to open the door, and greet with her visitor if possible. Gus was a little bit cross, too, for Florrie had to join her relations in Normandy, and he and the Oldhams were left alone, and things were flat in consequence, though he fancied he should like it."

"It's very nice being together again, isn't it, Aggie?" he said as he entered.

"I don't think so at all," she answered, promptly. "I dare say you don't miss Mr. Nugent, but I am very dull without Florrie, and so are you, I should think," she proceeded, rather spitefully.

"I only want you, as you know," he said, not as pleasantly as usual. "Nugent has promised to come and marry us, and I really think you might make up your mind to it soon."

"Marry you! Never! I have told you so a dozen times at least" (which was an exaggeration) "and now, after flirting with Florrie all the summer, you have the impudence to ask me again, and to ask Mr. Nugent to marry us, just as if we were engaged. I don't wonder he went away! I'm not surprised at all now!" and Agnes suddenly flung herself on the sofa and burst into tears.

As to Gus, he stood and gazed at her, open mouthed. For one thing, he had never seen her cry since she was a tiny child; for another, a new idea had penetrated his slow brain, and the world seemed upside down.

"Florrie! had he flirted with her? No, he had only been blind. He had had a strange new feeling for some time, which had alternately made him happy and miserable, and which must have been—"

Here his meditations were interrupted by Agnes, who had left off crying and recovered her temper.

"Don't stand there with your mouth open, Gus," she cried; "you do look so silly. Just make up your mind, once and for all, which of us you really care for, and take the next boat for Dieppe. The Marshes will be there till the end of the week."

Mr. Bartlett took her advice, and a few days later Mr. Nugent, who was trying to work off his bitter disappointment, got a letter from Dieppe with the astonishing intelligence that Gus and Florrie were engaged, and that his friend's affection for Agnes was of a totally different kind to what he had been led to believe. "In fact," the letter concluded, "Agnes knew me better than I did myself, and was perfectly right when she brought dear Flo down to stay with her. Don't forget that you have promised to marry us."

Hard work was very pleasant to Mr. Nugent that winter; he threw himself into all the multifarious duties of a town parson, with an energy which had its root in a happy heart. To be sure, nothing had been said or settled, but for all that he knew well enough that he would not be working alone for long, and then there was Gus' wedding to look forward to.

Before the wedding came off his prospects had a very satisfactory change, and it was as vicar instead of curate that he asked Agnes to be his wife.

"We shall have work enough, and to spare," he told her, when the momentous question had been answered, "but you will not fear that; will you, my darling?"

To which Agnes answered something about working with him, which cannot be publicly repeated.—M. Payne Smith.

Released from Prison.

JOLIET, Ill., Feb. 10.—Adam Ochs, J. E. Van Pelt, Harry Varnell, Michael Leyden, and Mike Wasserman, the Cook county, Ill., commissioners, convicted of bootlegging and sentenced to prison for two years, were released Monday, their time having expired.

"We shall have work enough, and to spare," he told her, when the momentous question had been answered, "but you will not fear that; will you, my darling?"

To which Agnes answered something about working with him, which cannot be publicly repeated.—M. Payne Smith.

Released from Prison.

JOLIET, Ill., Feb. 10.—Adam Ochs, J. E. Van Pelt, Harry Varnell, Michael Leyden, and Mike Wasserman, the Cook county, Ill., commissioners, convicted of bootlegging and sentenced to prison for two years, were released Monday, their time having expired.

## LEFT HIS YOUNG BRIDE.

But She Was Not To Be So Easily Thrown Over.

## SENSATIONAL AFFAIR IN NEW YORK.

A Discarded Bride Attacks Her Rival on the Streets of the City, Tears Her Hair, and Fires Two Bullets at the Fleeing Woman—Rough Experience of Two Mormon Elders in Alabama—The Criminal Record.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—"This is the last time you will ever go with my husband!" excitedly exclaimed a handsomely dressed young woman hardly 30 years old as she stepped in front of a stylishly dressed young blonde, accompanied by a handsome man, on the corner of Thirty-eighth street and Park avenue, at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Her large, jet black eyes snapped with fire and the muscles of her face trembled with passion. She threw herself upon the other woman with a frenzy, tore her hair and scratched her face and bore her to the ground. In a minute the blonde's face was a piteous sight. Her hat was gone and parts of her clothing were torn. The young man, after a hard struggle, pulled the maddened woman from her victim.

Sent Two Bullets After Her.

The latter jumped to her feet and, with her long golden hair streaming wildly down her back, ran into the middle of the street screaming:

"For God's sake don't murder me!"

Then down the steps to the tunnel of the Fourth Avenue Surface railroad she went. Her assailant broke from the man's grasp, followed her and on the steps drew a revolver from her breast. Taking deliberate aim she fired two shots and sank exhausted upon the stone steps. The other woman, although neither of the bullets struck her, fell unconscious to the ground. The young man devoted his attention to the assailant, and as soon as he was able to walk got her in an up-town car, despite the interference of spectators.

Something About the Couple.

At the Grand Union hotel the assailant and the man left the car and got into a cab. They told the driver to convey them to 336 West One Hundred and Sixth street. The woman was Mrs. Nellie G. Crane, and the young man was her husband, Herbert L. Crane. The couple were married in Chicago six weeks ago and came to this city on their wedding tour. Mrs. Crane is the daughter of Samuel C. Gleason, said to be wealthy. He lives at 2366 State street, Chicago. The young couple had hired furnished rooms in One Hundred and Sixth street. Mrs. Crane stated to a reporter while riding to the Grand Union hotel that she had found love letters in her husband's pocket from a woman who signed herself "Minnie," and that he had only returned home at night twice during the past week. He left the house at 2 o'clock, she said, after striking her and telling her he did not care anything about her.

Went on the War-Path.

She took his revolver out of his trunk and followed him down town. She said the woman boarded the Sixth Avenue Elevated railroad train which he was on at Thirty-third street, and both left it a couple of stations further on. She followed them and caught up to them on Thirty-eighth street. One of the bullets fired by Mrs. Crane passed through the hat of Harry Mount, a well-known Wall street broker. He had just left an up-town car, accompanied by Miss Maude White, who was so overcome by the proceedings as to faint.

Did Jeanne d'Arc Burn?

The reproduction, with Sarah Bernhardt in the leading role, of the play of "Jeanne d'Arc," in Paris, has given occasion for a renewal of the old controversy as to whether Jeanne was ever really burned at the stake or whether her place was not taken by some one else and she set free. One M. Lesigne has brought together in a book all the facts tending to show that Jeanne never was burned, and that she actually married a country gentleman in Lorraine and raised a large family, of whom there were direct descendants as late as a century ago.

The stories were first put into circulation in 1693 in a publication called *Mercurio Galante*, and were then based upon discoveries made by a certain Father Vignier among some old manuscripts in Metz. The first document was a record of the visit of Jeanne, the Maid of Orleans, to her relatives in that city, and subsequently there was discovered a marriage contract of Robert des Armoises with "Jeanne of Arc, the Maid of Orleans," the marriage having taken place at Arlon, where the Duchesse Elizabeth of Luxembourg made a splendid fete of the occasion.

The deed in which the "Maid" and her husband conveyed certain land was also found, and subsequently at Orleans in the public archives there were discovered various entries in the public accounts that went to show that moneys had been paid to her or for her to her relatives at various times after she was supposed to have been burned at the stake. These documents have made it absolutely certain that somebody who was known as "Jeanne d'Arc" and "The Maid of Orleans" was living and somewhat of a public character for many years after the original Jeanne had presumably been reduced to ashes. The advocates of the original Jeanne, however, insist that the woman to whom the documents refer must have been a different one, either an impostor or a woman whom some connection with the army had caused the people of her acquaintance to designate by the title of the dead heroine.—New York Sun.

Billy Florence's Joke.

"It was at Brougham's lyceum, afterwards Wallack's theatre, at Broome street and Broadway," said W. J. Florence recently. "The orchestra leader, George Loder, got it into his head that it would be a good idea to have an orchestra which would sing at intervals. So he went back on the stage and got a number of young actors, put us in dress suits and placed us in the orchestra with instructions how to go through the motions of playing the different instruments and when to stop and sing. It was a great success, but we youngsters objected. We held that we had not been engaged for that purpose, and that we were there to learn how to act. So we

determined to put an end to it. My instrument was a clarinet. You know what a frightful noise can be made with it, if necessary. Well, one night, when we were in the orchestra, at a quiet portion of the music I blew on the clarinet a squeak that could have been heard a mile off. Loder shook his fist at me and said, 'Wait till you get off,' but the audience roared with laughter for a long time, and would even occasionally burst out in guffaws during the afterpiece. Of course I pleaded to Loder that the instrument went off of its own accord, but he knew better. However, that was the last of the singing orchestra in that theatre."—New York World.

Built of a German Professor.

The prize medal for absent mindedness during lectures must be awarded to a German professor named Johannes Amer, who recently died in Vienna. One of his pupils had a list of his remarkable sayings, among them the following: "Julius Caesar, disguised as a slave, swam naked across the Tiber." "Alexander the Great was born in the absence of his parents." "The Swiss are a mountainous nation, but in Scotland the climate does not begin till October." "Hogs were invented in Asia Minor." "Thus arose a general war on page 94." "The third Tunic war would have been out much sooner had it commenced a little earlier."

Covered with countless wounds Caesar fell dead near the statue of Pompey; with one hand he drew his toga over his face while with the other he called for help."

Mental Capacity of Spiders.

Experiments on the mental powers of hundreds of spiders have been made by Messrs. G. W. and E. G. Peckham. Evidence was given that the faculty of smell is fairly developed in all but three out of twenty-six species, but the position of the organ of smell was not found and is not known. Loud sounds were apparently unperceived; the spiders were sensitive to the sound of a tuning fork, while the spiders that do not make webs gave no heed to it.

Love of offspring was manifested in all spiders by eagerness to receive back cocoons within twenty-four hours, though few recognized them after a longer period, and none seemed able to distinguish their own cocoons from another spider's or from pith balls of the same size. Sight appeared to be good, though from familiarity only through touch cocoons were found with difficulty, even when within three-fourths of an inch. The color sense seemed fairly developed, with preference for red. The authors discredit the notion that spiders feign death, accepting Darwin's explanation that the habit of lying motionless has been acquired in different degrees to serve different purposes.—New York Telegram.

Told by the Sewing Machine Man.

"Gentlemen," said the sewing machine man, "one spring father and I had a sugar camp down in the edge of the grove. About half a mile from us was a corn field owned by a widow, and this widow never picked her corn clean. On the other side was a man who owned a blind sow. She had one pig, and they used to go over into that corn field every day to eat corn. Right in front of our camp was a creek. At one place about forty rods from our camp there was a tree felled across the creek. This was the only place that the sow and pig could cross. Of course the sow could not see to cross on the log, so the way they used to do was for the old sow to take hold of the pig's tail and the pig would lead her across. Well, one day we were sitting in front of our camp when the old sow and pig were crossing that log. I said to father, 'Hand me the rifle and see me cut that pig's tail off.' I took aim and fired, cutting that little pig's tail off smack smooth. The pig ran for the corn field, but the old sow didn't know which way to go. So father went over and took hold of the pig's tail and led the old sow clear into camp."—Lewiston Journal.

When Woman Mails a Letter.

Femininity in the postoffice is an amusing study. In the matter of dropping a simple, ordinary, white, every day letter, for instance, she affords an insight into the character of the average woman.

The looker on had nothing else to do the other day than to watch this little operation for five minutes. Out of thirty young women who went to cast their epistles in the slot, twenty-two, by exact calculation, withdrew the letter before quite letting go of it to scan both sides of the note to be "very" sure the letter was securely sealed, properly addressed, stamped, and to be certain no one could look through the envelope to read its contents. Out of these twenty-two ladies three had forgotten to put a stamp on their letter, and two had to add something to the address on the envelope, while another carried off with her the letter she had intended to mail.—Boston Record.

Birds of a feather, flock together. So do pigs and swine.

The Girls and Boys all have their choice.

And so will I have mine, which is

FAIRBANK'S SANTA CLAUS SOAP

THE BEST IN THE WORLD FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD AND LAUNDRY PURPOSES.

MADE ONLY BY N.K. FAIRBANK & CO.—CHICAGO.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

## ROUGH ON THE ELDERS.

After Being Covered With Tar and Leaves a Match Is Applied.

BIRMINGHAM, Feb. 10.—Two country peddlers, who arrived here from Marion county, bring news of the thrilling experience of two Mormon elders who were proselyting in that county. The elders, it seems, were getting together a party of converts preparatory to starting for Utah on Wednesday. When at the house of one of these converts a crowd of masked men entered and dragged them from their beds. They were taken some distance into the woods, stripped of their clothing and covered with tar and dry leaves. After warning them that if they did not leave the country at once they would be killed, the crowd started away.

Set Fire to the Men.

They had gone only a short distance when two of them turned and came back, and, striking a match, set fire to the tar on the naked bodies of the elders. There happened to be a creek near by, and the two elders ran and jumped into it, extinguishing the flames, not, however, before they were badly burned. Some of the converts succeeded in getting them safely out of the neighborhood next day. The place where the affair occurred is in the wildest part of the state, remote from railroads or towns. Mormon elders made their first appearance in that county about six months ago, and several had previously been driven away by force.

Goose in the Pulpit.

The wild goose is a pattern of sagacity, but the domestic goose is an emblem of stupidity. Its name, in several languages, is a term of reproach, and scarcely any one makes it a pet, though its owner pampers it for his own ends. Mr. Gretton, in "Memory's Harkback," tells how the desire to make something off a goose once prevented service in church.

In a parish, not far from Cambridge university, the Fellows of colleges used to hold service every fortnight. A Fellow, who had gone by mistake one Sunday too soon, found no preparation for service. He hunted up the clerk's wife, and she told him it was the wrong Sunday, but he, as he had come from Cambridge, suggested that she should ring the bell and call the people to worship.

The old lady made a score of objections—no one would come, and so forth. The clergyman stuck to his point; he would have a service.

Then, driven to explain, the old woman said that he goose was sitting on her nest in the pulpit, and would be off by the following, which was the proper, Sunday.—Youth's Companion.

One Side of a Story.

No one probably has as varied experiences as the dealers in furniture sold on time payments and the men they employ. They have to deal with the most curious customers, and are never sure of getting their money. Hence a collector for a time payment house has no enviable position. I remember an experience I once had when I was employed as a bookkeeper for one of the largest dealers of the kind in the city. A new collector had been secured and I was instructed to give him all the old bills to see what he could do with them. He started out early in the morning and did not return until late at



**Consumption Surely Cured.**  
To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. addresses. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO TO EUROPE in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—LAKE SHORE ROUTE. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, agent, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

On Jan. 16 Mr. J. Cullinan was released from Clonmel jail after an incarceration therein of six weeks, to which he had been sentenced at Tipperary on Dec. 6 by Messrs. Irwin and Caldwell.



**D. O'DONOVAN ROSSA,**  
Manufacturer's Agent.  
THE ORIGINAL INSTALLMENT JEWELER.  
Store Next Door to Haymarket Theatre,  
169 W. Madison St.,  
CHICAGO.

N. B.—Watches and Jewelry Repaired Satisfaction Guaranteed.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**Attorneys.**  
**BRADY, MATTHEW P.,**  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
26 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st.  
Chicago.

**JAMES O'DONNELL,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Room 305 Chicago Opera House,  
Corner Clark and Washington-sts.

**RYAN, JOHN R.,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
155 W. Madison-st., Room 1.  
Residence 300 Blue Island-av., Chicago.

**WARD, JAMES H.,**  
Lawyer,  
Suite 507 and 508,  
Real Estate Board Building,  
N. E. cor. Dearborn and Randolph sts.

**Furniture.**  
**SMITH, JOHN E.,**  
Dealer in  
Household Goods,  
Furnace and Organs,  
125, 126, 127 & 128  
West Madison Street,  
Near Halsted.

**Coal and Wood.**  
**O'DONNELL BROS.,**  
Dealers in  
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,  
Coke and Wood, of the Best Quality.  
Office and Yard  
305 West Taylor street, between Halsted  
street and Blue Island avenue.

**Real Estate Agents.**  
**MURPHY & ANNE,**  
Real Estate, Loans, and Insurance,  
21 E. Clark-st., Room 6, Chicago.  
M. E. Ames, Attorney-at-Law.

**Grocers.**  
**HOBBS, WILLIAM,**  
Dealer in  
Teas, Wines and Liquors,  
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.  
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods  
Warranted.

**O'BRIEN, F.,**  
Dealer in Staple and Fancy  
Groceries and Ship Supplies.  
Best Brands of Flour, Choice Butter &  
Specialty. Glass and Grocery Ware.  
349 W. Harrison street.  
Orders called for and delivered Free of  
Charge.

**O'DONOHUE, J. J.,**  
Dealer in Fancy  
Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Oils,  
Headquarters for Imported Delicatés,  
113 Erie-st., corner Market,  
Chicago.

**Tailors and Drapers.**  
**JAMES CUSHING,**  
The Artistic and Reliable  
Merchant Tailor and Draper,  
No. 308 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren.  
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

**CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
Cleanse the  
Nasal Passages,  
Alleviate Pain and  
Inflammation,  
Heals the Sores,  
Restores the  
Senses of Taste  
and Smell.

**HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE**  
A particle is applied to each nostril and  
is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists;  
by mail, registered, 60 cents.  
ELY BROTHERS 55 Warren-st., N. Y.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use  
in time. Sold by druggists.  
CONSUMPTION

## THE HAYMARKET.

Week Commencing Sunday, Feb. 16, the  
Legitimate Irish Comedian, Mr.

**JOSEPH MURPHY.**

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wed-  
nesday Matinee he will appear in the  
great companion Drama to "Kerry  
Gow," by the same author, entitled

**"Shaun Rhue"**

Introducing Mr. Murphy's wonder-  
fully successful Song

**"A HANDFUL OF EARTH."**

Wednesday and Thursday Nights in  
his New Play,

**"The Donagh."**

A picture of Ireland as it exists to day  
among the gentry and peasantry, in-  
troducing panoramic views of the  
beautiful

**"LAKES OF KILLARNEY."**

Friday, Saturday Matinee, and Satur-  
day N. ght, in the greatest of all Irish  
Dramas, the

**"Kerry Gow,"**

Played by him with unparalleled suc-  
cess for Thirteen consecutive Seasons.

PRICES AS USUAL.

Reserved Seats can be secured at the Box  
Office Three Days in Advance.

## RHEUMATISM CONQUERED

**SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN, M.D.,**  
Dublin.

(Ireland's Most Distinguished Physician).

## RHEUMATISM & GOUT REMEDY

The most wonderful medical discovery  
of the age. Where everything else fails it  
cures. Highest testimonials. Money re-  
funded to purchaser if a cure is not ef-  
fected. Send \$1 and we will express bottle  
with full directions. Address: **BEVAN G. McSWYNTY**, Sole Agent for United States.

**SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN RHEUMATIC  
REMEDY CO.,**

240 Broadway, New York.

Or if you order through your druggist  
be sure and get this INFALLIBLE REMEDY.  
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES.  
AGENTS WANTED.

**DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 57 WASH-  
INGTON ST.**

**ESTATE OF FREDERICK PAYNE, DE-  
CEASED.**—All persons having claims  
against the estate of Frederick Payne, de-  
ceased, are hereby notified and requested  
to attend and present such claims to the  
Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for  
the purpose of having the same adjusted  
at a term of said court, to be held at the  
Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago,  
in said Cook County, on the third Monday  
of April, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day  
thereof.

**EDWARD McLORENZO,**  
Administrator.

**STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK,**  
vs.—Circuit Court of Cook County,  
March Term, A. D. 1890. William Murray  
vs. Patrick Murray, Michael Murray, Ed-  
ward Murray, Andrew Murray, John Mur-  
ray and James Orlukbank. In Chancery,  
No. 79,351.

Notice is hereby given to the said James  
Orlukbank that the above named complai-  
nant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in  
said court on the chancery side thereof,  
and that a summons thereupon issued out  
of said court against the above named de-  
fendants returnable on the first day of the  
term of the Circuit Court of Cook County,  
to be held at the Court House, in Chicago,  
in said Cook County, on the third Monday  
of March, A. D. 1890, as is by law required  
and which suit is still pending.

**HENRY BEST, Clerk.**  
**David Sullivan and J. B. Reffernan, Com-  
plainant's Solicitors.**

**F. D. Kinsella**

**& Co.**

85 Jackson-st., Chicago,

Designers and Manufacturers of

**Stained, Out, and Em-  
bossed**

**Glass**

For Churches, Residences, Public

Halls and Buildings, &c.

**DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 57 WASH-  
INGTON ST.**

**ESTATE OF BERNARD DONNELLY, DE-  
CEASED.**—All persons having claims  
against the estate of Bernard Donnelly, de-  
ceased, are hereby notified and requested  
to attend and present such claims to the  
Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for  
the purpose of having the same adjusted  
at a term of said court, to be held at the  
Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago,  
in said Cook County, on the third Monday  
of April, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day  
thereof.

**MARY A. DONNELLY,**  
Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.

**DAVID SULLIVAN, Attorney**

**ESTATE OF ROSE PAYNE, DECEASED**

—All persons having claims against  
the estate of Rose Payne, deceased, are  
hereby notified and requested to attend  
and present such claims to the Probate  
Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the  
purpose of having the same adjusted, at  
a term of said court, to be held at the  
Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago,  
in said Cook County, on the third Monday  
of April, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day  
thereof.

**EDWARD McLORENZO,**  
Administrator.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.

## Contemplating Important Changes

We Discount Our Low Prices

20 Per Cent.

When prices have been harmonized  
down to the lowest notch; lower by far  
than such goods as we would offer you  
ought to be sold at, and then to discount  
those prices 20 per cent—is very close to  
giving the goods away. That's the sacra-  
fice we are now making on all

**Ready-Made Clothing.**

**Made-to-Measure Clothing.**

**Hats and Shoes.**

Contemplating important business  
changes prompt us to make this move, and  
we give you the benefit now.

All Goods mentioned above, in or out  
of season, included.

Prices in plain figures.

**WANAMAKER & BROWN,**

State and Adams Streets.

**CONRAD SEIPP**  
**Brewing**  
**Company,**  
FOOT OF 5TH STREET,  
Chicago, Ill.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Cel-  
ebrated Salvator Beer.

**PILSENER LAGER BEER**

**McAVOY**

**BREWING**

**COMPANY.**

**PURE BARLEY MALT**

**LAGER BEER.**

2349 SOUTH PARK-AVE.

**DO YOU WANT A BOOK? WRITE**

**TO US.**

Any book in the world furnished at publish-  
er's price. Name books wanted. (Send stamp.)  
Metropolitan Press Agency, 45 Warren St., N. Y.

**PHOTO-ENGRAVING.**

IT PAYS TO ILLUSTRATE YOUR BUSINESS.

Portraits, and cuts of colleges, hotels, factories,  
machinery, &c., made to order from photo-  
graphs. Send stamp for specimen sheets.

**GOOD WORK, Metropolitan Press Agency,**

**LOW PRICES.** 45 Warren Street, New York.

**QUICK TIME.**

**Rubber Stamps of all kinds.**

**A WICKED SELF-INKING PEN & PENCIL STAMP**

**WITH YOUR NAME IN RUBBER, 25c.**

Agents make money fast; send stamp for terms.

Metropolitan Press Agency, 45 Warren St., N. Y.

**JOHN NAGHTEN.** **M. J. NAGHTEN**

**JOHN NAGHTEN & CO.,**

**GENERAL AGENTS**

**Hibernia Insurance Company,**

**OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.**

Chicago Office, 181 LaSalle-st.

**TELEPHONE NO. 523**

**AGENTS \$75 per month and expenses**

**WANTED** our goods by sample and live at home.

**ON** salary. Particulars and sample sent

**SALARY.** We mean what we say. Re-  
spond at once.

**SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.**

Send your sample to the wholesale  
and retail trade. We are the largest  
manufacturers in the world. Liberal salary paid. For-  
get position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full  
terms address, Continental Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

**Joseph Schlitz**  
**Brewing**  
**Company.**  
MILWAUKEE,  
REPRESENTED BY  
**EDWARD G. VINLEIN.**  
Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.

**KEELEY**

**Brewing Co.,**

**MALTSTERS**

**AND**

**LAGER BEER**

**Brewers,**

28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.

**CHICAGO.**

**COOKE**

**Brewing Co.,**

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

**CHICAGO, ILL.**

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest

Brands of Beers, Ale and Porter, put up

especially for Family and Medical use.

Try our Special Brand of Munich Hof-  
brau Beer.

**TELEPHONE 8298.**

**JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**

**OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, 113 CLARK ST.**

**ESTATE OF WILLIAM LUBCKER, DE-  
CEASED.**—All persons having claims  
against the estate of William Lubcker,  
deceased, are hereby notified and requested  
to attend and present such claims to the  
Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for  
the purpose of having the same adjusted  
at a term of said court, to be held at the  
Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago,  
in said Cook County, on the third Monday  
of March, A. D. 1890, being the 17th day  
thereof.

**BARBARA LUBCKER,**  
Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 23, 1890.

**JAMES O'CONNELL, Solicitor for Administra-  
rix.**

## GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in  
first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for  
heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending  
visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention  
to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as  
possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends  
itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc.,  
of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

**DEVLIN'S**  
24 & 26 E. Randolph St.

Granulated Sugar..... 6%  
White Loaf Patent Flour, per bbl..... \$5.00  
10-lb Caddy Good Tea..... \$3.00  
4 lbs Java Coffee..... \$1.00  
All Groceries at Wholesale Prices. A full line of Pure Wine and Liquors for  
Family and Medical Use.

**JOHN DEVLIN & CO., 24 & 26 EAST RANDOLPH STREET.**

## The Chicago & Atlantic Railway,

In conjunction with the WARE SYSTEM, operates DAILY, FAST, VESTIBULE TRAINS TO  
THE SEABOARD. You may travel in Pullman, Pullman, Buffet Vestibule Sleeping  
Cars or Luxurious Pullman Vestibule Day Coaches, and save \$1.50 to New York,  
Buffalo and Niagara Falls; \$3.25 to Albany and Troy, and \$3.00 to Boston and New  
England cities.

No RIVAL LINES OFFERS THE ADVANTAGES OF A SYSTEM OF THROUGH FIRST AND  
SECOND-CLASS PULLMAN VESTIBULE DAY COACHES AND DINING CARS, CHICAGO TO  
NEW YORK. IT IS THE ONLY LINE OPERATING PULLMAN CARS TO BOSTON AND  
NEW ENGLAND VIA ALBANY.

For detailed information, tickets and reservation in Pullman cars, apply at the  
City Ticket Office, 107 E. Clark St., Grand Pacific Hotel, Palmer House, Dearborn  
Station, or to the Agencies of connecting lines of railways.

**G. M. BEACH,** General Manager. **F. C. DONALD,** General Passenger Agent.

## IRISH DILISK.

This splendid natural cure for the very  
worst forms of dyspepsia and kidney  
disease, freshly imported from Ireland,  
is for sale by **DUFFY BROTHERS,**  
General Western Agents and Importers  
No. 314 Blue Island avenue, Chicago.  
Price 25 cents per pound, with large  
reductions to liberal consumers. Country  
orders for 5 pounds and upwards only  
will be filled.

## To EUROPE

IN A TRIPLES OVER

**6-DAYS-6**

BY THE OLD RELIABLE

**CUNARD LINE**

ESTABLISHED 1840.

Carrying the British and United States Mails

Two and Three Sailings a Week

FROM NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Passage Tickets to and from all parts of EUROPE  
at Lowest Rates. Home Tourists and Home-  
Favor of our Ships.

**STREUBA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**UMERIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**AURANIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**KEESALA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**CEPHALONIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**PAVONIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**CATALONIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**GALLIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.

**BOYTHIA,** 3,200 tons,  
1,000 Horse-power.